

The Sketch.

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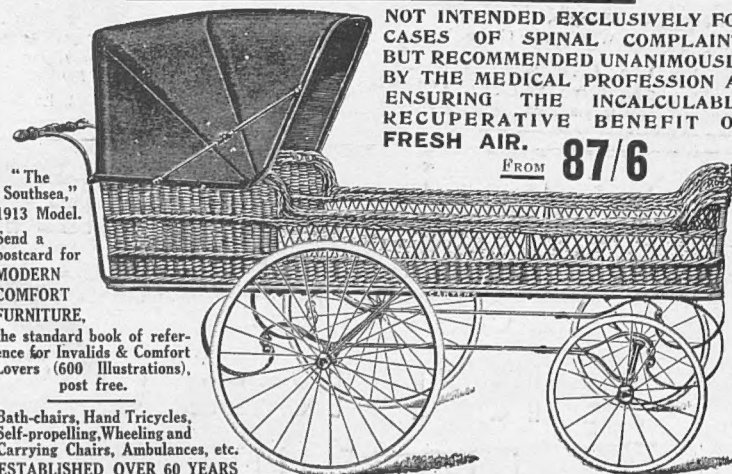
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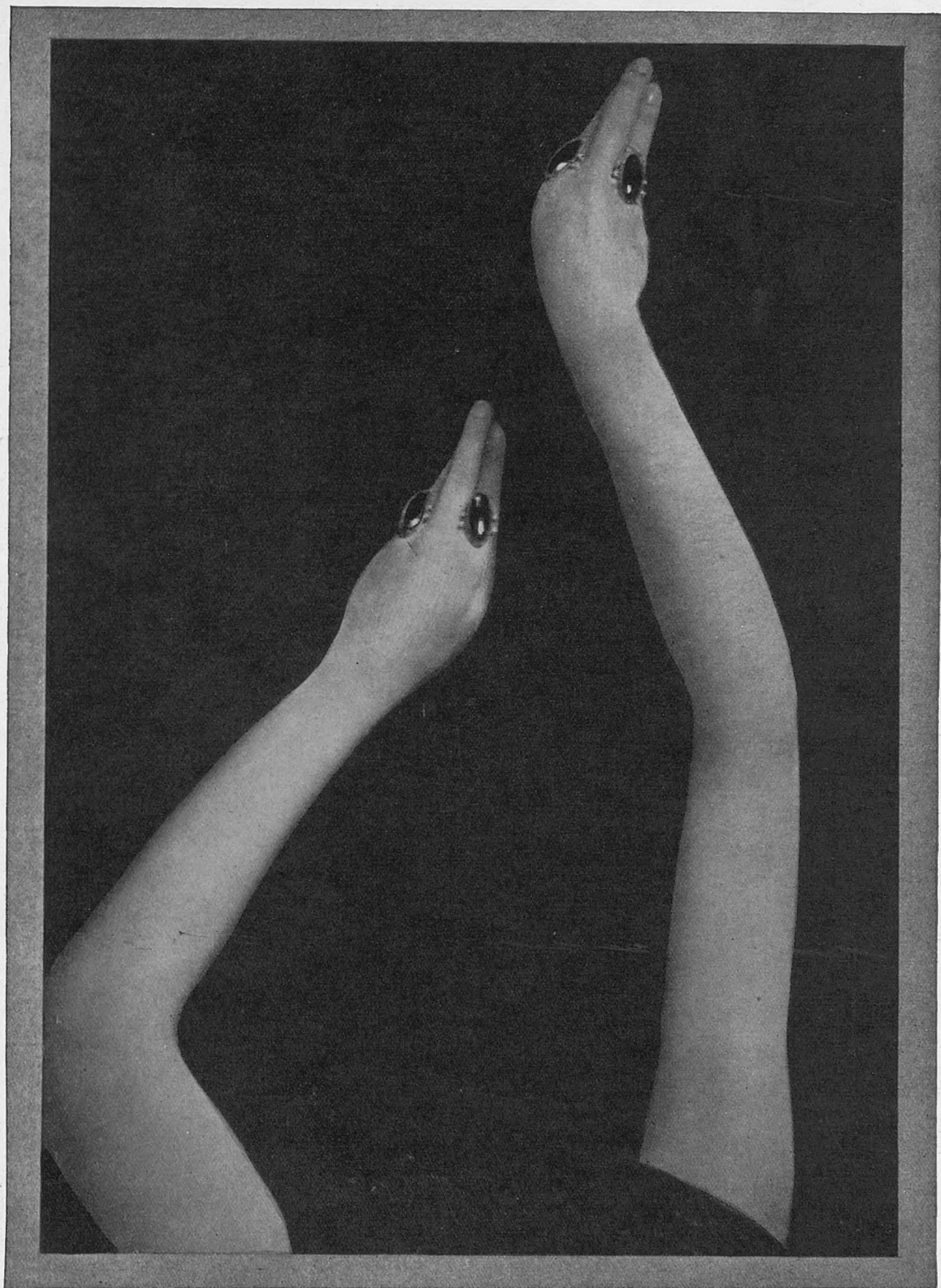


The Sketch

No. 1078.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

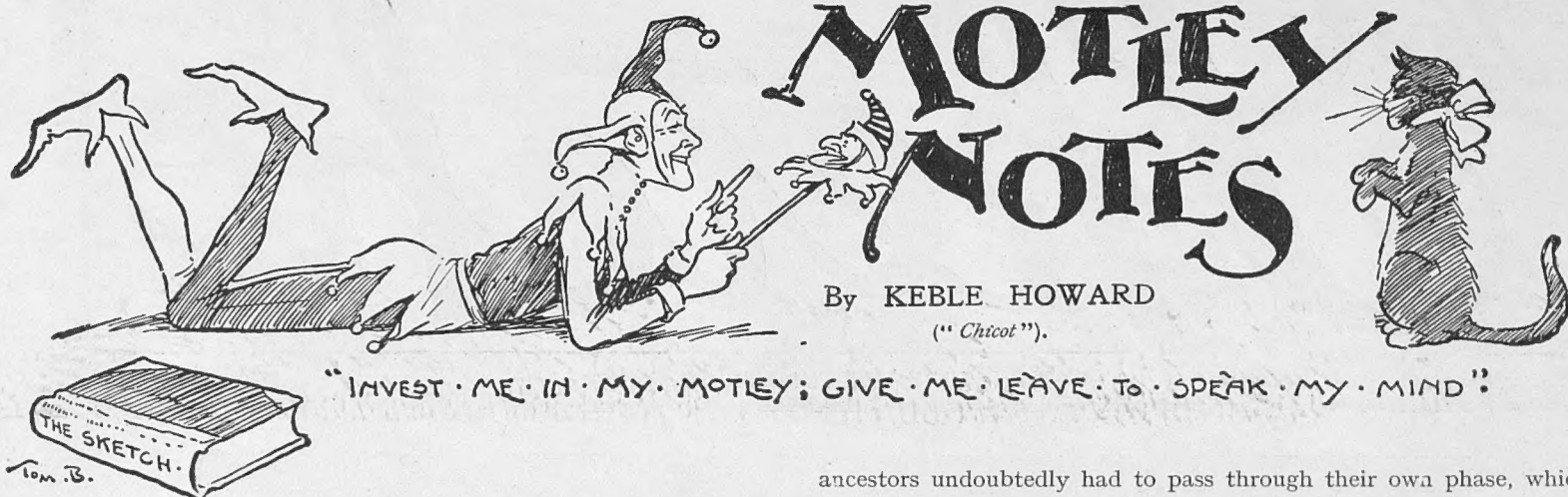


SNAKES ! A SERPENTINE ARM EFFECT BY THE DANCER ROSHANARA.

In view of the excitement which has been caused by the announcement that Miss Maud Allan is about to pay a professional visit to India, it is interesting to note that Mlle. Roshanara—who, it should be noted, dances

chiefly in Indian costume—has just returned from India, where she has met with great success: so much so, indeed, that she is going back there for a lengthy tour. She will be seen, for instance, at the Royal Opera House, Bombay.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.



Sex Novels.

An anguished mother sends a heartrending letter to the *Daily Mail* on the subject of sex novels.

"What are we to give growing-up girls to read? I have the ordinary woman's subscription to a well-known library, and among the eight books from my list at present in the house are two books of memoirs, one of travels, and five novels—newly published and well written—but none of which is at all suitable for a girl's reading.

"Eight out of ten novels of the present day deal with the sex question, and the other two are probably equally unsuitable."

Can it be true that eight out of ten novels of the present day deal with the sex question? I do not belong to a library myself, and I very rarely read a quite modern novel, but I should hate to believe that eight out of ten modern writers are so lacking in humour, to put it gently, that they can seriously sit down to write a long, serious book, or series of books, round a topic on which there is nothing on earth to be said that has not been said, once and for all, years and years ago.

But even if it is true, even supposing that at this moment hundreds and hundreds of earnest ladies and gentlemen are sitting at their desks, pen in hand, worrying out another old story about misplaced affection to be ready for the Spring Season—ye gods, that the fresh beauty of the spring should be associated, even in name, with such dust!—still our anguished mother need not despair.

A Few Poor Substitutes.

Does this wonderful growing-up daughter of hers find nothing to amuse or interest her in the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance? Has this dainty young person tried the works of poor, dear Bret Harte? I will not mention such dullards as Sir Walter Scott, William Makepeace Thackeray, or Charles Dickens; we will take it for granted that the brilliant intellect of this growing-up daughter cannot be bothered with such old-fashioned stuff. But, since our young friend must be in the fashion, has she ever heard of one Maeterlinck, who writes rather nicely about bees and flowers; or of one Sir James Barrie, who has contrived to write novels that the libraries have confidently placed on their shelves; or of a certain Rudyard Kipling, whose works are said to merit some small attention and yet have never been refused, I believe, by the libraries?

Here we have a little group of writers, fairly clever men, who have tried to please our fastidious young friend. She will have none of them? They are too dull for her? She cannot bring herself to take the smallest interest in ships, or the great oceans, or strange, far-off islands, or the backwoods of America, or the people who live in a place called India, or even the humble folk of the Scottish villages? Very well. Let her come nearer home. She wishes her brilliant young intellect to batten on the sayings and doings of the advanced intellectuals; George Meredith chronicled these rather brightly. She loves the sweet countryside; Mr. Thomas Hardy has issued one or two small pamphlets on the topic.

Intellectual Priggishness.

The truth is that we are passing through a phase of intellectual priggishness. Just as the small boy, after his first term at a boarding-school, comes home and sneers at the games of his little brothers and sisters, though he is longing to join in them, so in this age we are desperately anxious to show that we are the intellectual superiors of our forefathers. And that may be true. Our more immediate

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

ancestors undoubtedly had to pass through their own phase, which was a phase of moral rather than intellectual priggishness. And because it is so clear to us that they were moral prigs, we rush to the conclusion that the world has never known such a phase of intellectual enlightenment as it knows to-day, the real facts of the case being that the world is constantly passing through these phases, constantly ebbing to and fro on the sea of thought, and will certainly return, after our time, almost to the identical thoughts and ways of our ancestors.

But there is always progress—not very much, barely perceptible even to the historian, yet still a little progress. The progress, however, is not due to the extremists—the people who seize on the fashion of the hour and make the most of it. It is due to those who keep the whole scheme of things steadily in perspective, so that they are able to say with exactness: "Thus far have we reached and no further." They may seem dull fellows to our brilliant young friend, but they are the fellows whose records will be respected and preserved.

The Persecuted Vicar.

It is time that somebody came to the rescue of the Vicar of South Hinksey, Oxfordshire. This gentleman has been tremendously belaboured for having published in the parish magazine a paragraph (not written by himself) advising the mothers in his parish to keep an eye on their daughters whilst several thousand soldiers were encamped in the neighbourhood. Personally, the advice seems to me excellent. You may say that it was unnecessary; but it often happens that the more obvious the advice the more useful it is. People overlook the obvious in their search for the abstruse.

Anyway, the Vicar of South Hinksey ventured to publish that homely word of advice, with the result that he has been called every name under the sun, beginning, of course, with "Traducer of Our Army." One gentleman writes thus to a daily paper on the subject: "I spent three or four hours at Headington Hill Park this afternoon among four or five thousand of our soldiers. There were present hundreds of women, and I was much impressed with the quiet and gentlemanly manners of all the men. No rough word or chaff; not even one swear-word did I hear. They all looked bright, happy, and alert."

Good gracious, anyone could have told him all that! But anyone could also have told him that among four or five thousand soldiers there are bound to be a few "weaker vessels," who cannot carry much beer, and whose conduct out of camp on Saturday night might not be quite so sweetly angelic as their conduct in camp on Sunday afternoon.

The Olympic Fund.

The Duke of Westminster, as you know, friend the reader, is trying to get together the sum of £100,000 to spend on training a certain number of young gentlemen in running, jumping, putting the weight, throwing the hammer, cycling, gymnastics, clay-bird shooting, wrestling, swimming, and fencing, in order that Great Britain may triumph over all comers at the Olympic Games to be held at Berlin in 1916. This is a praiseworthy scheme, and I feel sure that the Duke of Westminster will easily get the money. I wish him every success.

Speaking for myself, I shall not subscribe to the fund. I do not think we are in such a bad way physically that I am called upon to give any of my hard-earned sovereigns to enable young gentlemen who can run fast and jump high to run faster and jump higher. If the Duke would collect £100,000 to spend on the artistic improvement of the nation, as distinct from the physical and mental improvement, that would be quite another matter.

BEARERS OF WELL-KNOWN NAMES: INTERESTING YOUNGSTERS.



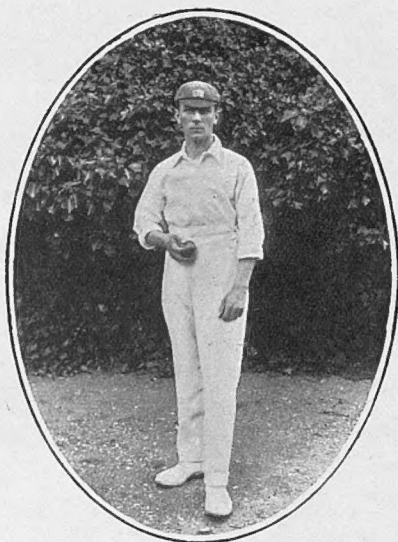
1. MARY, DAUGHTER OF SIR MAURICE AND LADY DE BUNSEN.
2. DESMOND, SON OF CAPTAIN E. D. MILLER, D.S.O., FAMOUS ON THE POLO-FIELD.
3. DAVID, SON OF LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS.

Sir Maurice de Bunsen, the new British Ambassador to Vienna, became British Ambassador at Madrid in 1906, and has been Secretary of the Legation at Tokio, Consul-General in Siam, Secretary to the Embassy at Constantinople, Secretary to the Embassy and Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, and British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Lisbon. In 1899 he married Miss Berta Mary Lowry-Corry.—Captain E. D. Miller, it will be recalled, was in charge of the polo team the Duke of Westminster sent to the United States this year in the endeavour

4. WILLIAM, ONLY SON OF MR. AND MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT.
5. OLIVIA, SECOND DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT.
6. BARBARA, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT.
7. DORIS, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT.

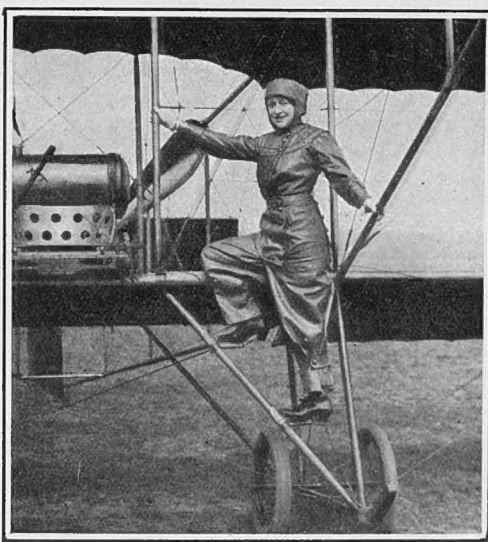
to regain the International Polo Trophy. In 1899 he married Miss Irene Helen Langtry.—Lady Violet Charteris is the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. Her marriage to the Hon. Hugo Charteris, eldest son of Lord Elcho, eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss and March, took place in 1911.—The Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt became Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1910, and is a Trustee of the Wallace Collection. In 1899 he married Miss Mary Ethel Burns, of New York and Hatfield.—[Photographs by Bee Belton, Lallie Charles, Speaight, and Rita Martin.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



J. W. HEARNE—FOR BEING ENGAGED FOR AN IMPORTANT MATCH (NOT CRICKET THIS TIME).

J. W. Hearne, the famous Middlesex and All-England cricketer, who is going with the M.C.C. to South Africa, is to be married on September 27 to Miss Violet Benn, at Harlington. He will sail for the Cape some three weeks later, but his wife will not accompany him.—Miss Ruth Vincent, the popular actress and singer, now at the Palladium, is also an airwoman. She learnt to fly at Issy last year, and is applying for a pilot's certificate here. If the police will

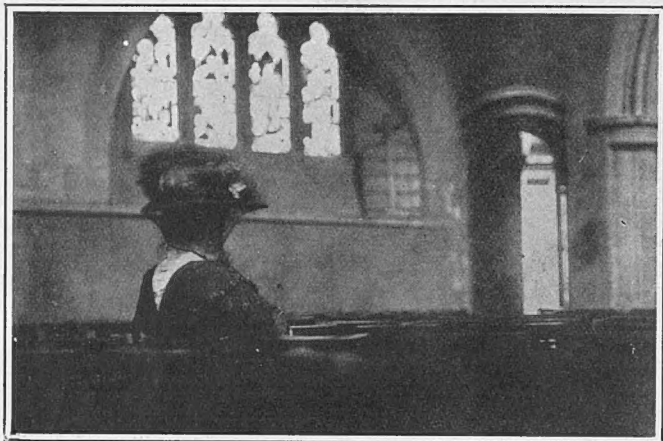


MISS RUTH VINCENT—FOR MAKING AS CHARMING AN APPEARANCE IN THE FLIES AS SHE DOES ON THE STAGE

permit, she intends to fly from Hendon to the Green Park and back, throwing "bombs" of sweets to school-children en route.—In 1893, Sir Robert Arbuthnot (now an Admiral) bet a fellow-Lieutenant on the "Warspite," now Captain Eric Back, that he would beat him in a hundred yards race in twenty years' time. The event came off the other day at Portsmouth, and Captain Back won in 12 1-5 sec.—[Photos. by S. and G., Campbell-Gray, and C.N.]



CAPTAIN BACK AND SIR ROBERT ARBUTHNOT — FOR WAITING TWENTY YEARS TO RUN A HUNDRED YARDS



THE SENTINEL CHURCHWOMAN—FOR PREVENTING THE SUFFRAGETTES FROM TURNING BRENTWOOD CHURCH INTO BURNTWOOD.

The Vicar and churchwardens of Brentwood, remembering that there are such things as Outragettes, and that "brent" is the old way of spelling "burnt," have decided to take precautions. Though the parish church is left open to all comers, it is guarded night and day. Some of the lady members of the



M. GUILLAUX—FOR IMPOSING ON HIMSELF THE MODEST SPEED-LIMIT OF 144 MILES AN HOUR.

congregation take their turn as sentinels.—The French airman, M. Guillaux, the other day set up a speed-record by flying 119 miles in 50 minutes—a rate of 144 miles an hour—between Savigny-en-Braye and Paris. No human being ever travelled so fast before.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and C.N.]



MASTER MAXIM FARRALL—FOR BEING AS HEFTY WITH REAL GEE-GEES AS MOST FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOYS ARE WITH WOODEN ONES.

Master Maxim Farrall, son of Mr. Trevor Farrall, of Sherborne, though only five years old, knows all about horses, is a skilled rider, and can break in colts.—J. K. Stephen, the Cambridge poet, sang of "the apparently inexhaustible pianoforte-player" as a phenomenon worthy to rank with "the fundamental note of the last trump." The former idea has surely been realised by Private G. Doughty, of the Royal Marines, who at East Cowes Town Hall



PRIVATE G. DOUGHTY, R.M.L.I.—FOR REALISING THE POET'S DREAM OF "THE APPARENTLY INEXHAUSTIBLE PIANOFORTE-PLAYER."

recently played the piano for thirty-six hours on end, without a break. Whether the audience sat it out is not recorded.—As Harrow does not boast a pawnshop (so indispensable to the poor and needy that in France it is a national institution), the Headmaster of the school, Dr. Ford, has very charitably taken out a pawnbroker's license, for the benefit of poor people. Our photograph shows a woman at Dr. Ford's door, with something to "put up the spout."



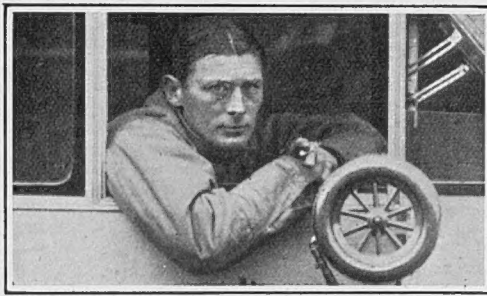
THE HEADMASTER OF HARROW—FOR RUNNING A PHILANTHROPIC PAWN-BROKER'S WITHOUT THREE BRASS BALLS OVER HIS FRONT-DOOR.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MISS CALMADY HAMLYN—FOR BEING THE FIRST LADY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE OKEHAMPTON SHOW.

Miss Calmady Hamlyn, the first lady President of the Okehampton Show, is a well-known West of England sportswoman. Her favourite mare, "Athrabelle," won a £25 cup at the Show, and has taken many other prizes.—Having made a wager with Mr. Handley Page as to which would first learn to fly, Mr. Pemberton Billing succeeded the other day at Brooklands in performing



MR. PEMBERTON BILLING—FOR TAKING TO THE AIR LIKE A BIRD, IN THE REMARKABLY SHORT TIME OF FOUR HOURS.

the prescribed certificate tests in about four hours. Mr. Billing thus won the wager. Most airmen take several weeks to qualify.—Mr. W. H. Post is the author of the new piece at the Apollo, "Never Say Die," which has provided Mr. Charles Hawtrey with a part that suits him down to the ground and bids fair to have a long run. Mr. Post is an American.



MR. W. H. POST—FOR WRITING A PLAY THAT WILL "NEVER SAY DIE"—TILL AFTER A GOOD RUN.

Photographs by Topical, Illustrations Bureau, and Foulsham and Banfield.



THE HOUSE PARTY AT PETWOOD, WOODHALL SPA—FOR BEING THE GUESTS OF A DELIGHTFUL HOST AND HOSTESS—CAPTAIN AND MRS. ARCHIBALD WEIGALL.

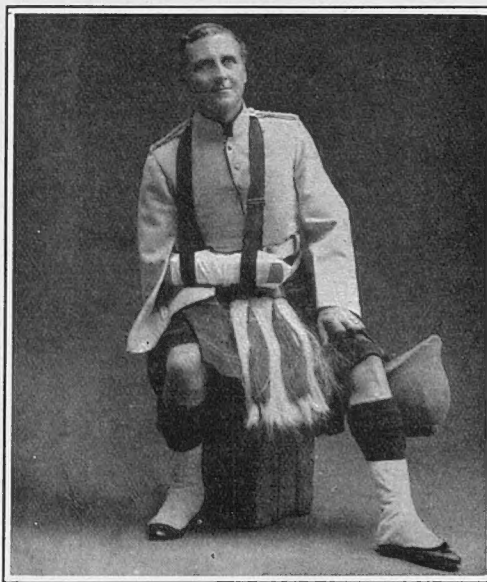
Captain Weigall, who is M.P. for Horncastle, married, in 1910, Baroness von Eckhardstein, only child and heiress of the late Sir Blundell Maple. In the photograph are, from left to right: (back row), H.E. the Danish Minister (M. de Grevenkop-Castenskiold), Mr. Oliver Locker Lampson, M.P., Miss B.

Morgan, Captain Weigall, Mr. Cosmo Peake; (middle row), Mrs. de Bathe, H.H. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Mrs. Archibald Weigall, Mme. de Grevenkop-Castenskiold, Miss Nancy Greenfield; (front row), Master de Bathe, Master Reggie Benwell, and Baroness Kathleen von Eckhardstein.



Mlle. ROSHANARA—FOR POSSESSING ARMS SO WELL ADAPTED TO A SERPENTINE DANCE.

For further particulars regarding Mlle. Roshanara, of the serpentine arms, we may refer our readers to our front page.—Although Mr. C. Hayden Coffin has been on the stage so long, he never has hitherto been seen in a kilt. This omission is rectified in the new musical military sketch at the Oxford, "Nobby, V.C.," which it was arranged to produce on September 22. Mr.



MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN—FOR WEARING A KILT ON THE STAGE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Hayden Coffin, as the V.C. hero, has as his chief comic support the well-known comedian, Mr. Sam Walsh.—Mr. Edward Sass, as Admiral Lord Hugh Gaveston in "Sealed Orders" at Drury Lane, has been likened by different people to two real Naval celebrities. Some find in him a close resemblance to Lord Fisher, others to Lord Charles Beresford.



MR. EDWARD SASS—FOR BEING FOUND LIKE TWO DISTINGUISHED ADMIRALS.

Photographs by E. O. Hoppé and Foulsham and Banfield.

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The Veiled Man. William Le Queux. 7d. net.
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Vagaries. Annie Lightfoot. 2s. 6d. net.
The Stolen Emperor. Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 7d.
net.

A Man of To-day. Helen Mathers. 7d. net.
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A Far Cry. Frank Desmond. 6s.
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To the Third and Fourth Generation. Lady
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The Strictly Trained Mother. F. F. Montresor.
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Life's Sketches. Eldorado. 6s.

CASSELL.

Thoughts and After-Thoughts. Herbert Beer-
bohm Tree. 6s.

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Raven, V.C. Coralie Stanton and Heath
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its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published
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each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider
Photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "Studio" portraits),
beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any
used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints
of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



THE CLUBMAN

THE MEDMENHAM PONTOON : STRIKES AND BIKES : COLLEGE SHOP-GIRLS : A PIRATE : THE KING'S SONS : EXIT AIRD.

Manoeuvres' Make-Believe.

The opening of the great military manoeuvres this autumn brought with it a typical example of the make-believe which prevents any instructional work being quite like real warfare. The Aldershot divisions, on their way to the manoeuvre-grounds, fought various battles against a skeleton army, the sensational feature of the first one being the throwing of a pontoon-bridge across the Thames. The horses of the mounted units of the division were so fresh that some of them plunged and kicked about as soon as they found themselves on the swaying wooden roadway, and a couple of accidents and the drowning of some horses were the result. The bridge at Marlow, which was supposed to be blown up, was, by order of the Commander-in-Chief at Aldershot, considered to be in repair again, and the troops that could not be passed across the pontoon-bridge during the day marched over that. Had the expeditionary force been on a real campaign, their horses would not have been in the least likely to be in such high fettle, and the accidents would probably not have occurred; but if they had, Sir Douglas Haig and his bold men would have had to camp on their own side of the river and try again the next day.

An Omnibus Strike.

We Londoners are gradually becoming accustomed to strikes of drivers and chauffeurs. We have gone through strikes of railwaymen and strikes of taxi-cab drivers, and whenever such a strike occurs we find some other way of going about London. Hundreds of men and ladies who habitually ride in taxi-cabs found during the taxicab strike that it was quite an easy and a very cheap way of going about London to ride in motor-omnibuses. If the motor-omnibuses are to cease for a time to run, no doubt those who habitually ride in them will make every use of the underground railways; and if the drivers of the underground trains also strike, I imagine that hundreds, or thousands, of bicycles that are now stored away in out-houses will once more be put into commission.

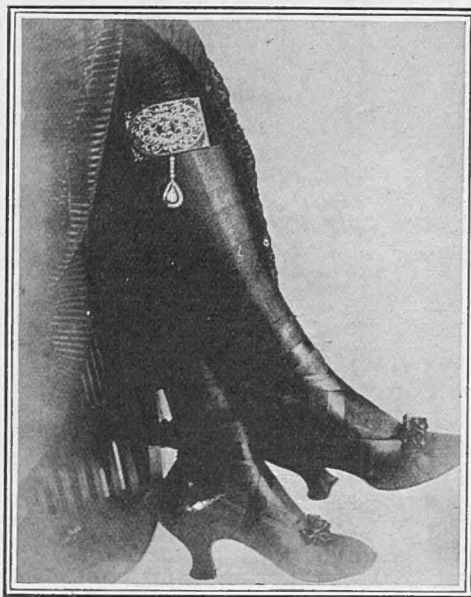
The College Girl Behind the Counter.

Lady Boot has offered to help the "superfluous college girls" by finding positions for many of them in shops. So far as the average man is concerned, I think that her suggestion will meet with full approval. It is usually the young man behind the counter, and not the young woman behind the counter, with whom clubmen have commercial transactions, but they sometimes have to buy their ties and other small objects of male adornment at shops where girls are employed, and a lady of birth and education does not give herself the airs and graces that some of the present shop-girls assume. Men like myself,

humble in spirit, will certainly welcome the collegiate shop-girl when she arrives.

The New Piracy.

The old-fashioned pirate captain, with a brace of pistols tucked into his belt and a coloured handkerchief tied round his head, who buried his treasure and made his captives walk the plank, must retire into the background nowadays before the pirate with modern ideas and an aptitude for commercial enterprise. A pirate captain flourishes at the present time in the Red Sea, who commands a large dhow. He captures other dhows carrying merchandise, stores the captured goods somewhere out of the reach of Turkish sailors or soldiers, and then enters into negotiations with the merchants to whom the goods were consigned, offering to sell them their own goods at a very reduced price. This modern pirate has just made a fine haul, having captured a cargo worth twenty thousand rupees which was consigned to merchants at Aden. He unloaded this, set the captured dhow free, and at once wrote to the merchants at Aden notifying the sums for which their goods would be sent on to them. There is a touch of humour in his management of this his latest capture, for he knew that the merchants' dhow was carrying a large quantity of contraband tobacco, and that its captain would therefore be unable to lay a complaint before the Turkish Government.



THE KNEE-LET: A 7500-DOLLAR ORNAMENT WORN BY A TANGO TEACHER TO CHICAGO'S FOUR HUNDRED.

Photograph by International News Service.

A Midshipman Prince.

The time is drawing near when the Prince of Wales, leaving Oxford, will become a soldier officer as well as a sailor officer, and when we shall see him at great official functions wearing a Hussar uniform. The King's second son has now become an officer in the Navy, for he has passed out of his chrysalis stage as a cadet, wears his dirk as a midshipman, and is to join the battle-ship

Collingwood. No doubt Prince Albert's career will be that of a sailor, for the second son of a British Sovereign usually is a Sailor Prince. If King George does as did her late Majesty Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales will be both sailor and soldier, his next brother sailor, and his third brother soldier. As regards the rest, kings, like mortals of lower rank, can wait until their younger sons' tastes develop before settling what their profession shall be.

Exeunt Aird and Co.

That the great firm which the late Sir John Aird made famous is to cease to exist will cause sentimental regret to those of us who are grey-headed. The engineering feats of the firm of Aird and Lucas were amongst the wonders that made a mark on

my mind when a boy, especially the transference of the Crystal Palace from Hyde Park. No doubt, the Assouan dam was the most wonderful of John Aird's feats, but it was not done before the eyes of all Londoners, as was the removal of the Palace.



LADY WARWICK AS AUTHOR OF FILM-PLAYS: WATCHING AN INCIDENT IN "THE GREAT PEARL AFFAIR"

The aristocracy appears to be rushing into the cinema business. In our Issue of September 10 we gave photographs of Marchioness Townshend and model scenes for her film-play of monastic life. Now it is announced that the Countess of Warwick has written one entitled "The Great Pearl Affair"—a title which acquires a certain topicality from the real Pearl Necklace case, though, of course, the play has nothing to do with that. The Countess has also some historical dramas in view, based on incidents recorded in the Warwick archives.—[Photograph by G.N.]

SOCIETY AT THE SCOTTISH DERBY: THE AYR MEETING.



1. BROTHER OF THE EARL OF DURHAM AND SIR HEDWORTH MEUX: THE HON. CLAUD LAMBTON, AND HIS WIFE.
4. THE EARL OF LONSDALE AND MARY LADY GERARD.
7. COLONEL HALL WALKER AND LADY NOREEN BASS.

2. WIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S HEIR: THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO, WITH CAPTAIN M. WILLIAMS.
5. THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.
8. LORD LUDLOW AND THE HON. MRS. LIONEL WALROND.

3. DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE MARQUESS OF SLIGO: LADY ALFRED BROWNE, WITH THE HON. CYRIL LIDDELL.
6. SIR WILLIAM BASS AND MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL.
9. WITH THEIR DAUGHTER: SIR WILLIAM AND LADY BEDFORD, OF EDINBURGH.

The Ayr Meeting—the chief racing fixture of the year in Scotland—opened at Ayr on September 17 under the auspices of the Royal Caldeonian Hunt and the Western Meeting Club. The principal event of the first day was the Scottish Derby for a thousand sovereigns. On

September 18 the Ayrshire Handicap was run, and on September 19 the Gold Cup. The meeting was very well attended, and many well-known Society people were there. Race balls were held in the Ayr County buildings on the first two nights of the meeting.

Photographs by Topical.

WHAT BOOTS IT?—THE LATEST FASHION IN FALL WEAR.



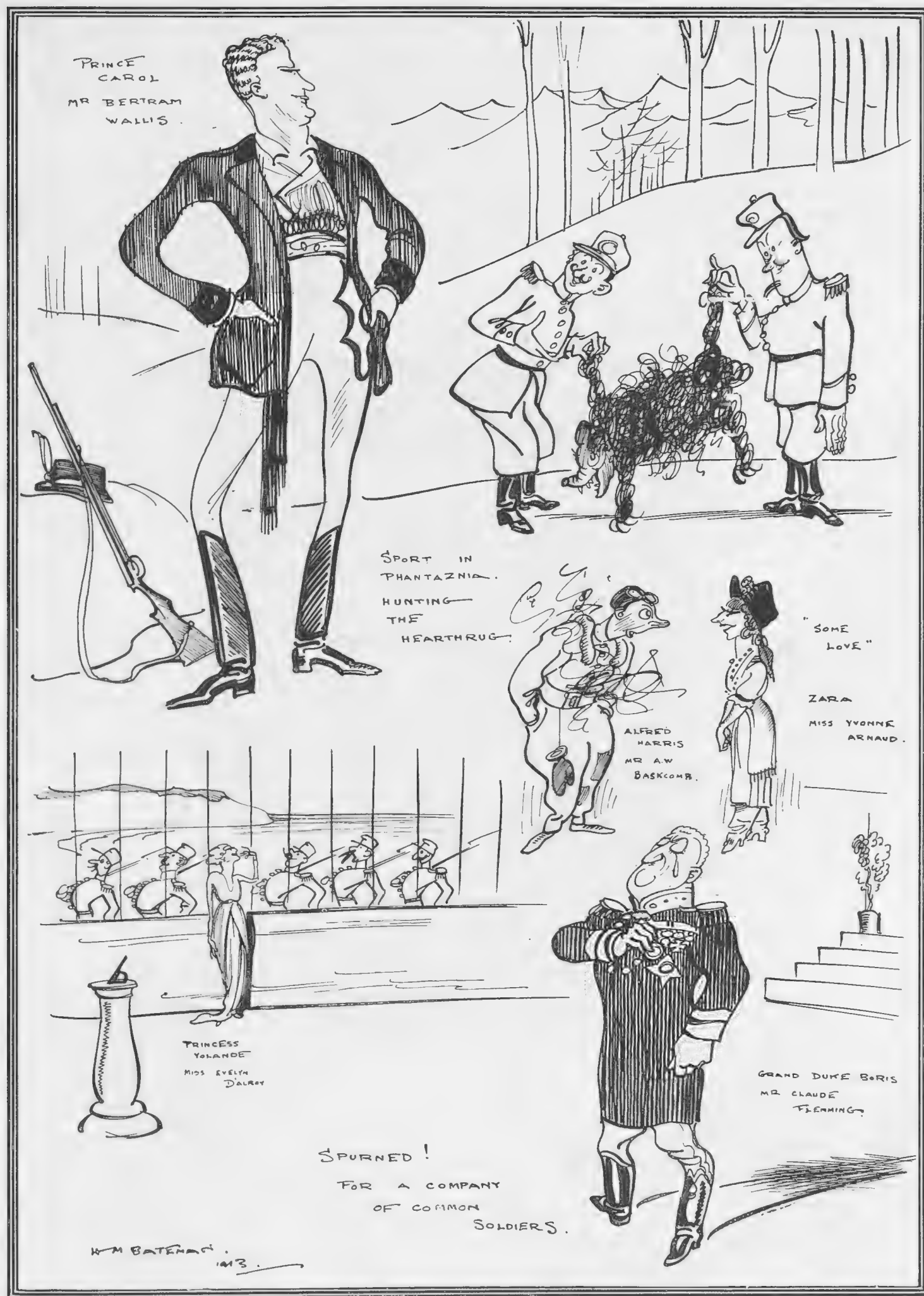
TO BRING ADMIRERS TO THE FEET?—THE LACE SPAT FOR WOMEN, AND PARTICULARLY, PERHAPS, FOR NOISETTES.

We need not remind our readers that a good many of the fairer sex have taken to the wearing of spats. Hitherto they have been content with the masculine form of that adornment. Now, apparently, we are to have the lace spat of the kind shown. This is described as "for fall wear."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "LOVE AND LAUGHTER."



SKETCHES IN MAGORIA AND PHANTAZNIA: THE NEW COMIC OPERA AT THE LYRIC.

"Love and Laughter," the new comic opera which is running at the Lyric, is by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Arthur Wimperis. The music is by Mr. Oscar Straus—in large type.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MR. BIRRELL.

POLITICIANS, at irregular intervals, grow interesting. This is not, as a rule, owing so much to their own exertions as to circumstance. For years at a stretch Westminster may do its best to loom large in the country's eye, and fail, only to become, save to itself, a House of Pigmies. And even in the House itself there is a deal of bastard fame and sham popularity. Mr. Birrell has described the make-believe importance that is, with the weakly consent of the whole Commons, attached to certain Members. Nor, says Mr. Birrell, is a man always to blame for the legend of his own importance, for it sometimes seems as if there were a conspiracy to further it. The benches fill up when he is to speak, his jokes are laughed at, and the Press, falling in with the pretence, puts him into the headlines and on to the posters. The Chief Secretary's importance is of another quality.

"Fool, Not Silly Fool." He has fought against the possibility of a false legend. When one of the eloquent Cecils misquoted him in the House, he at once interrupted the oration (in that lion's roar of a voice that is at once the terror and delight of his opponents) with, "I may be a fool, but I'm not such a silly fool as to have said anything of the sort." And he corrects his friends with the same bluntness. He never lends his name to a misconception, nor cares to be the peg for all the virtues with which Party seeks to drape its leaders. His Education Bill failed, probably, because it was a bad Bill; but it would have stood a greater chance of success had its maker known more of the art of humbugging. His very voice is the correction of a misconception—the misconception arising from an appearance that is motherly, and getting, after years of Chief Secretaryship, almost grandmotherly. Many another politician would make capital out of an exterior so benevolent.

"Bob Logic." He has half succeeded in establishing his ferocity. "Have you ever known a female Birrell?" asks Lady Sybil Grant, as if the big voice rendered it futile for any woman to aspire to fill in politics the place that he fills. His wit, too, is of a masculine quality. Based upon fact, rather than fancy, it is the wit of the student; his jokes are cracked in the hard-headed school of logic. "Bob Logic," Sir Frank Lockwood used to call him; and it is in the company of lawyers and doctors and politicians that his humour flourishes. Lord Rosebery, if he were asked his opinion of Birrell's powers, would describe a certain dinner given by Lord Burghclere, when Lockwood, Haldane, Birrell, and he himself engaged in what he calls "a war of wits." For the taste of most men, and all women, such contests are too ponderous to be quite amusing.

Ponderous.

Mr. Birrell's taste in books, while it is sane and thorough, has the same bias as his humour. His inclination is for the weighty syllables of the eighteenth century. No trend of fashion beguiles him from the things that naturally appeal to him. He loves his Dr. Johnson whatever befalls, and could go on editing him to the end of time. Charles Lamb, and Browning, and Charlotte Brontë are also among his authors, and he has read "the young men." But his preferences are easily tested by his copious quotations. In talk, in speech-making, in essay-writing, he is continually citing the heavy couplets that lighter memories cannot carry, even if they care to.



HOME RULE PROTAGONIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE RIGHT HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

Mr. Birrell, who became Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1907, was born in 1850, youngest son of the Rev. Charles Birrell, a Nonconformist minister. He has been twice married; and his second wife is the widow of the late Hon. Lionel Tennyson, son of the poet. Mr. Birrell graduated at Cambridge in 1872, became a barrister, and was for three years Quain Professor of Law at University College, London. He first entered Parliament in 1889, and from 1905-7 was President of the Board of Education. Before entering politics he had already made a literary reputation by his "Obiter Dicta," which has been followed by many other books, including a "Life of Charlotte Brontë," a memoir of Sir Frank Lockwood, and a study of William Hazlitt.

Photograph by Lafayette.

of boxing other people's ears. The Irish Constabulary is at his beck and call. But when the batons are out and heads broken, it is because Mr. Birrell has forgotten his powers of beckoning. It is anything in the world but a good policeman. When "Bob Logic," spectacles and all, is found in the smoking-room of the House it is easy to know him as a man of wide tolerance and sympathies—of wider tolerance and sympathies than Office gives scope to. We must, however, await the genuine confessions of Augustine before knowing him to the full.

Birreligion. The tasting sense is his

only guide in literature; for him books, like apples, are either good or bad. He likes to tell of the child who ran to his mother, crying: "Why, here's a better book than the Bible," and so began a long series of adventures among masterpieces. That child, probably, was no other than A. B., for it is characteristic of him to break with Genesis, and start again at the beginning on his own account. One of his weaknesses has been a certain willingness to sneer at the reader who approaches literature in the religious, rather than the literary, mood. Mr. Birrell is irreverent, not necessarily towards religion, but towards certain classes of the religious. Birreligion becomes very much the same thing as irreligion when the Chief Secretary thinks he finds that the devout parent, with no sense of humour, uses his devotions much as he uses castor-oil. Ireland, probably, has done much to open the Chief Secretary's eyes to the humanity of the Church, and the church-goer.

Augustine Confessions. The notion that religion must be

checked lest it become an unkind and sullen tyranny probably came to him in early days in Scotland. In his Glasgow days he had few ambitions and small knowledge outside Glasgow, and had he been able in those days to sketch an outline of his future to his father he would, he has said, have had his ears boxed. Now, as Chief Secretary, he has, for a little longer, ample powers

TO BE VISCOUNTESS ; COUNTESS ; DUCHESS.



TO MARRY VISCOUNT IPSWICH ON SATURDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 27 : MISS AURIOL BROUGHAM.

Miss Brougham is the only child of Major and Mrs. Brougham, of Potters Pury House, Northamptonshire, and Woodland Hall, Broughton-in-Furness. Her wedding to Lord Ipswich will take place on Saturday, at All Saints', Margaret Street. Thus she will become Viscountess Ipswich ; and in the ordinary course of things it may

be presumed that she will become after that, in turn, Countess of Euston and Duchess of Grafton, for her future husband is the only son of the Earl of Euston, the only son of the Duke of Grafton. Viscount Ipswich was born in 1884, and was educated at Harrow and Cambridge.

Photograph by Sarony.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL did nothing to disguise his taxi at Balmoral. He did not leave it round the corner, but swung up to the entrance and paid his fare as casually as if he were being dropped in Eccleston Square. Although Balmoral rarely sees such vehicles, they are common enough at Palace gates in London, and in old days the four-wheeler often carried a King's guest. Lady Randolph Churchill herself, curiously enough, has a story of Marlborough House and a "growler." She and Lord Randolph having dined there with Edward VII. (then, of course, Prince of Wales), they were taken to the door by their gracious host. "I am sure your conscience is better than your carriage," he said with a laugh when he saw the dilapidated four-wheeler that awaited her.



ENGAGED TO SURGEON
FREDERICK GEORGE HITCH,
R.N.: MISS FLORA MARY
MOORE.

Miss Moore is the only daughter of Paymaster-in-Chief Moore and Mrs. Moore, of Westwood, Saltash, Cornwall. Surgeon Hitch, of the Royal Naval Hospital, Portland, is the eldest son of Mr. Frederick Hitch, of Hatzie, British Columbia.

Photograph by Swaine.

Another of Lady Randolph's remoter memories is of the time when a cab was a somewhat disgraceful class of conveyance. She recalls that it used to be said that the late Lord and Lady Salisbury were much stinted in the matter of their allowance during the first years of their marriage, and went about habitually in four-wheelers. Lady Salisbury was supposed to draw attention to the parsimony with which they were

*The Cabby and
the Castle.*



ENGAGED TO
MISS NESTA FITZ-
GERALD: MR.
JOHN FITZGERALD
MOYLAN.

Mr. Moylan is the son of the late Mr. Edward K. Moylan, barrister-at-law.



ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN FITZ-
GERALD MOYLAN: MISS NESTA
FITZGERALD.

Miss FitzGerald is a daughter of the Hon. J. D. FitzGerald, K.C., of 33, Harrington Gardens, and granddaughter of the late Lord FitzGerald.

Photographs by Thomson.



MISS ELLA PRENDERGAST AND KAID SIR HARRY
MACLEAN: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

The engagement of "Kaid Maclean" and Miss Ella Prendergast—one of the most interesting of the year—has, of course, already been recorded in "The Sketch." Miss Prendergast is a daughter of the late General Sir Harry Prendergast, who deposed King Theebaw of Burmah, and made that country a province of British India.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Ella Prendergast before the end of the month. Born sixty-five years ago, Sir Harry has seen all sorts of soldiering in all sorts of capacities. He has served with the English, and instructed the Moorish Army; and, to relieve the monotony of giving orders, he swallowed Raisuli's for seven months—the period of his captivity in the mountain fastnesses of that surprising chief.

A Fetching Film? It is like Lady Warwick, the Socialist, to hand Warwick Castle over to the film-makers. She could have found no more effective way of sharing her turrets and towers with the multitude. She herself has been searching the Warwick archives for historic scenes that will make good "pictures," and a member of the Archæological Society is to watch the costumes in the cause of strict accuracy. But, without either archives or archæology, Lady Warwick must have thought of many attractive incidents connected with the Castle.

Piers Gaveston and Isabel are well enough; but why not, for relief, persuade Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith to repeat the scenes that occurred in the courtyard when "A. J. B." tried to teach the "P.M." how to ride a bicycle?

*The Five-proof
Duchess.*

Lord and Lady de L'Isle and Dudley's affection for Penshurst (endangered last week by the Suffragettes) may not be quite equal to Lady Sackville's more famous affection for Knole, for in her case her house is her passion; but Lord and Lady de L'Isle and Dudley have proved, by their religious care for Penshurst and everything connected with it, that they appreciate the place, as well as the cares of ownership, to the full. When, three years ago, Lady de L'Isle's daughter married, a masque was so admirably performed there by the villagers that it really seemed as if Penshurst was a place where one might learn something of the look and manners of Elizabethan England. The danger that it ran the other day of becoming a place where one could learn only about modern ways and means is happily past. But what of other historic houses? Are they no better protected? Blenheim, of course, is safe since the Duchess of Marlborough's conversion to Mrs. Pankhurst's cause, but many places more beautiful than Blenheim are not shielded by a sympathiser's name, and their owners will doubtless now take steps to ensure their safety.



FORMERLY WELL KNOWN AS
LADY DE CLIFFORD: MRS.
ARTHUR STOCK.

Mrs. Stock, of Glenapp Castle, Balantrae, is the widow of the late Lord de Clifford, who, it will be remembered, was killed in a motor accident four years ago. She was formerly Miss Evelyn Victoria Anne Chandler, and was well known on the stage as Miss Eva Carrington. Her son is the present Lord de Clifford, the 26th Baron.—[Photo. by Laitie Charles.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN H. CART-
WRIGHT ON OCTOBER 2: MISS
MILDRED F. CHAMPION DE
CRESPIGNY.

Miss Mildred Champion de Crespigny, who is marrying Captain Cartwright, of the 48th (Northamptonshire) Regiment, is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. G. H. Champion de Crespigny, of Burton Latimer Hall, Kettering. The wedding is fixed for October 2.

Photograph by Amy Cassels.

THE FOLLY OF FORTY-EIGHT: "YEARS OF DISCRETION."

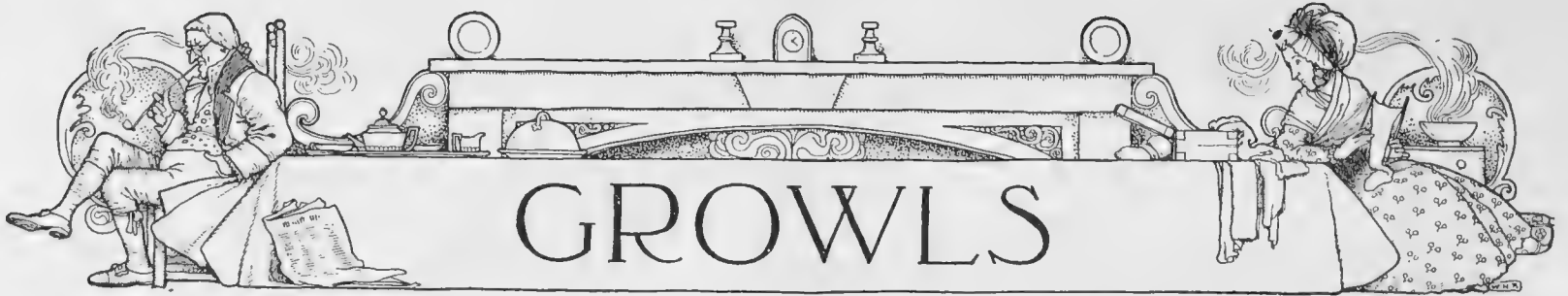


BEFORE AND AFTER REJUVENATION: THE MRS. FARRELL HOWARD (MISS ETHEL IRVING)
OF "YEARS OF DISCRETION," AT THE GLOBE.

Mrs. Howard, a widow of forty-eight, suddenly feels a desire to renew lost youth—
or, rather, the youth she never had—dresses herself accordingly, puts on a peach-

blossom complexion, and generally "goes it." In the end, she discards the smart
young woman for the charming lady of middle-age and finds content.

Photographs Copyright by Charles Frohman.



THE WASTAGE OF WEIGHT: THE DWINDLING OF THE EMPIRE.

WE have now reached that stage of the year when Britons are arriving at the last of the days allotted to the annual holiday, and are returning in divers conditions of health to their homes and normal avocations, and this year, as in former years, I find, on interchanging the usual polite inquiries, that nine out of ten of them regard their expeditions from one single point of view. In the proportion I have named they will instantly burst into an enumeration of the number of pounds weight which they have discarded during the month or so dedicated to the search after recuperation. Irrespective of age, sex, or contour, they exhibit a ghoulish craving for physical diminution, and, regardless in many cases, I have reason to believe, of truth, they will arrogantly boast of the extent to which they have, by different processes, succeeded in ridding themselves of what they consider superabundant adipose tissue. Worthy citizens whom my eye has grown accustomed to dwell upon without detecting any signs of excessive unwieldiness or rotundity will wax eulogistic over the beneficial effects of certain waters, and apprise me, with a wealth of detail, of the precise diminishment of poundage brought about in the course of each week of the duration of the "cure." They may, in isolated cases, pay a perfunctory compliment to the weather they have experienced, to the beauties of the scenery by which they have found themselves surrounded, or the accommodation of the hotels at which they have sojourned, but such matters are treated as of infinitesimal importance in comparison with the results when they were weighed in the balance and found wanting. They appear to make it a point of honour to show that they have materially dwindled away, and they will vie with each other in producing statistics to prove that their own particular case has gone far in the direction of breaking all records in the history of emaciation.

Its Serious Aspect. The universal tendency instils into my mind the gravest feelings of apprehension, and, on the whole, I am inclined to regard these people as the victims of a highly dangerous hallucination. Quite apart from the fact that, so far as I am personally concerned, my chief ambition is to acquire a little additional weight, I cannot help perceiving that there is a deadly national peril underlying this strange but prevalent mania. I maintain that it is simply suicidal to regard the Empire merely from the point of view of the number of square miles it contains, the number of inhabitants it possesses, or the store of pounds sterling locked up within its coffers. In estimating its magnitude, we should surely take into account the nature of its component parts, and in doing so we cannot conceivably afford to overlook the weight of its

population. The poundage of the people is a national asset, and every ounce thoughtlessly thrown away is an ounce whittled away from the Imperial structure. It is impossible to arrive at accurate statistics, but I calculate that during the past two months no less than some hundreds of tons of the British Empire have been ruthlessly sacrificed to this unthinking craze, and one is bound to ask oneself where all this profligate process is to end. When we discover that the ocean is effecting an undesirable erosion on our shores, we do not hesitate to take strenuous steps to mitigate the evil, and all the while we are giving social countenance to a form of erosion of a far more deleterious description. The most desultory contemplation of the pages of history will teach us that our country's triumphant career has been largely built up on an insular predilection for beef and beer, and it does not demand a genius to deduce from this that only by adhering to a policy of increased and not diminished heftiness can we hope to retain the position won for us by centuries of heavy feeding.



SEEN THROUGH AN ARCH MADE BY A HORSE'S LEGS! "THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES"—
A VERY CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

We give a small reproduction here of one of the most curious of the photographs at the London Salon of Photography, at the Royal Water-Colour Society's Galleries. It bears the title, "The Champs Élysées," and, it will be noted, is a view of that famous avenue taken through a horse's legs, and showing in the foreground part of the body and the legs of the horse in question.

Photograph by Pierre Dubruel.

large majority of places to which Britons resort for the purpose of reducing their weight are situated within the confines of the German Empire. All sorts of allurements are put forward by our Teutonic relatives to attract us to their various Bads, and every facility for bodily attenuation is placed at our disposal by those to whose interest it is that the Briton should show signs of physical deterioration. My experience of the German soldier is that he is a man of full habit, and shows no disposition to devote a certain portion of the year to rendering his body less bulky, and it may be just conceivable that he is sitting and watching and biding the time when our national poundage has become so impaired that it will be easy and safe for him to make an onslaught on our island home and crush us to the earth by his superior avoirdupois. Let our dieters and bathers and water-sippers beware, I say, lest by their unpatriotic craving to be lithe they sap the very foundations of an Empire erected by the prowess and determination of forefathers who did not fear to be fat.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

I am loth to set down anything of an unduly alarmist character, and I would not wish to say one word that may tend to bring about the straining of our relations with any one of the Powers of Europe, but I consider it my duty to draw attention to a fact which has not hitherto received the consideration it undoubtedly deserves. How far it may be true that a nation bound to us by ties of kinship nurses evil designs against our world-position I have no means of knowing, but to my mind there is something grimly suspicious in the incontrovertible truth that the

HIGH WATER MARK.



THE GLOBE-TROTTER: Of course you went up the Rhine?

THE ROTTER: By Jove, yes! What a view from the summit!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



LITERATURE AND THE LIBRARIAN: SENSE AND CENSORSHIP.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I LIKE a grown-up man to be indignant. It shows how very long it takes for optimism to die in the human brain. For indignation is nothing else but offended optimism. The very young sees abuse, becomes indignant, and tilts against it. The wise man, the older man, he who knows—worse—shakes his head. "I hope," says he, "that in two thousand years this abuse may be abolished!" Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, in his letter to the *Daily Mail*, has preserved the power of being indignant. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe is indignant against the tyranny (based on lucre) of the libraries—

The position of the libraries is clear and unassailable. They are shopkeepers. They have no concern with morals or literature. Their object is to increase their custom.

To appeal from the libraries to literature is ridiculous. They have nothing whatever in common. Literature aims at arousing noble emotions by describing and offering comments upon life in melodious and memorable words. The libraries exist in order to supply idle minds with such mild stimulus as will banish boredom for a few hours each day.

Here I do not agree with Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. Literature does not aim at arousing noble emotions—literature does not aim at anything. It has no useful purpose—or, rather, it knows not its

words, the meaning of which they do not know. We should also smile when we hear such words as "moral" or "honour" on the lips of those whose brain has neither comprehended what those words express nor tried honestly to understand them. The sense of morality or honour cannot be taught us and handed down to us by preceding, and consequently different, generations. Contrarily to the common notion, it is not an heirloom; it is a thing to be found for oneself, kept by oneself, and, if transgressed, atoned for by one's own humiliation, not by punishment inflicted by others. Honour is a word perhaps still less understood than morality. It has a different meaning according as it is applied to man or woman! It is against honour not to pay a gambling debt within twenty-four hours, even if your creditor is a man much more wealthy than yourself, and quite willing to wait. But it is not against honour to take three, five, or seven years to pay your tailor, or never pay him, even if he badly needs his money (not all tailors are wealthy). Truly, those unwritten laws are almost as funnily nonsensical as the written ones! Ye novelists, whose books are banned as immoral, unmoral, or amoral do not get angry. The public, if they love you, will know how to find you outside the libraries. I survived the censure of one of those vexing people called librarians. He banned a perfectly anodyne book of mine called "Phrynette Married," and I forgave him—first, because it happened in Canada, and that you can't be very angry with far-off enemies; secondly, because his verdict prompted in reply some amusing verses by my Canadian publishers, which, unfortunately, there is no room to print here.



MODELLED BY PRINCE TROUBETZKOY: MME. LYDIA YAVORSKA (PRINCESS BARIATINSKY), WHO IS APPEARING AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

Mme. Lydia Yavorska arranged to open a season at the Ambassadors' Theatre on September 20, with "I Love You," a comedy in three acts by Roberto Bracco, adapted by James Parker; and "Mlle. Fifi," a play in one act, dramatised by Oscar Méténier, from Guy de Maupassant.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.



IN WHAT IS CLAIMED TO BE THE FINEST JAPANESE GARDEN IN EUROPE: TROUT-FISHING IN THE GROUNDS OF EWELL CASTLE.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

purpose: It just *is*; it springs like a source because it must out; it grows like a flower out of a chance seed; it ascends like a song born of an emotion, good or bad, noble or ignoble—it matters not if only it is true: a song that will soften the heart of man or make it fierce, swift, wild, and eager for blood like a hound over the hills. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe says that—

If a novelist has the soul of a manufacturer, he will "keep in" with the libraries. He will be careful not to offend their customers. For this he may fare sumptuously and own swift automobiles. That will be his reward.

Should he, on the other hand, be governed by the instinct of the artist, the creator, he will work (as Hardy and Meredith worked, as Gissing and Stevenson) without thought of the libraries or the folk who send trashy tales into seventy and eighty editions. He will strive for a living, not a fortune, and will be proud enough to rejoice more in the applause of the few than in the shillings of the many.

No; the artist does not "strive for a living." He may win fame and fortune through his talent without bartering it. He may, though whether he does or not will neither make him produce art nor prevent him from doing so. He will write as we laugh or we sob, as Life wills it under the pain or the voluptuousness of her.

The whole question rests, it seems to me, on the moral right of the libraries to ban and boom the sale of such or such a book. How do they know their form of moral is at all forgivable? Not two human beings (honest-minded human beings) have the same conception of morals. Morals, like taste and faith, differ, or should differ, with each individual. We smile when we hear children use big, pretentious



AN ENGLISH CASTLE, NEAR EPSOM, WHICH FLIES THE AMERICAN FLAG: THE CURIOUS "CAVE" "BOAT-HOUSE" OF EWELL CASTLE.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

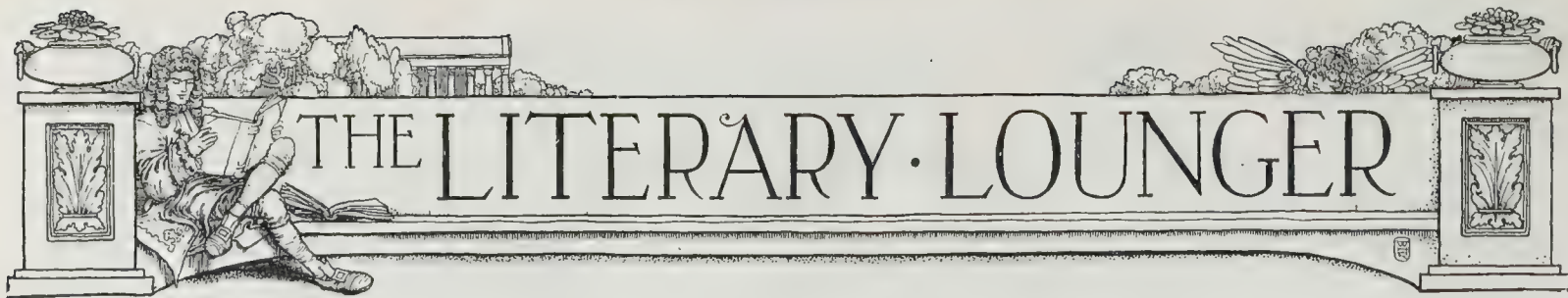
A CORRECT CARD.



INSURANCE TOUT: Are you sure your mother is with an approved society?

MARY JANE: I dunno. She's just gone to see the Vicar.

DRAWN BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.



CUPID AND THE HIGHER SOCIALISM: H. G. WELLS AS REFORMER OF LOVE.

A New Philosophy of Love.

"You see, my little son, there are two sorts of love; we use one name for very different things. The love that a father bears his children, that a mother feels, that comes sometimes, a strange brightness and tenderness that is half pain. . . . that is love—like the love God must bear us. But the love of a young man for a woman takes this quality only in rare moments of illumination and complete assurance. My love for Mary was a demand, it was a wanton claim. I scored the more deeply against her for every moment of happiness she gave me. . . . I meant nothing by her but to possess her. . . . I wanted her as barbarians want a hunted enemy, alive or dead. This is how men love women. Almost as exclusively and fiercely, I think, do women love men. And the deepest question before humanity is just how far this jealous greed may be subdued to a more generous passion."

The Simple Story. Here is the "compleat" Mr. Wells as his latest book reveals him—passionately concerned in reforming, not some trifling matter like the tariff or the land laws, but the greatest, deepest, and most primitive instinct of man's being. It is thus that he takes a simple love-story, such as any penny fiction might supply. A country rector's son, the playfellow at the great house in the Park, the playmate and soon the lover of the charming daughter of the great house. Secret meetings, innocent wooing, and then a *mariage de convenance* for her. She, an ambitious, willing victim, but wishful to get all she could, marries her rich *parti* on "condition"; would "belong to herself only." Disappointed lover runs off to the war; great doings in South Africa; in at all the biggest fights; returns after years to negotiate his own marriage and become the lover in earnest of his old sweetheart. Discoveries, alarms, jealousies, the outraged husband quieted by a complete acquiescence with his wishes, and then finally the most innocent chance in the world wearing such an air of guilt that there is no way out better than suicide for the luckless lady. All this is told in writing by the lover of the Lady Mary to his little son, for the lover had nevertheless become an affectionate husband and father. And this is his reason for so writing it: This book has "become an imperative necessity between us"—a need, he explains, to extend the companionship of father and son from the candid intimacies of childhood to the more difficult spaces where they should both stand as men; above all, to bear witness from the grave to this child of his, already, perhaps, caught in the toils, that this cruel aspect of love is just jealousy, "a fierce insistence on ourselves, an instinctive intolerance of our fellow-creatures. . . . In our expansive moments we want to dominate and control everyone and destroy every unlikeness to ourselves;

in our recessive phases our homes are our castles and we want to be let alone." The father would fain have the son find a way of love more in consonance with the Higher Socialism. He sees in other nurseries or slums or palaces, in Canada, in Russia, or in China, other little creatures still infantile as his own child, and destined to break into his future with a power and magic monstrous and irrational and irresistible. "You will in extreme intimacy love them, hate them, serve them, struggle with them, and in that interaction the vital force in you and the substance of your days will be spent." We have conspired by our laws and our customs "to exaggerate every consequence of this accumulating accident, and make it definite and fatal." Mr. Wells dreams of, though he does not define, a better road on which to confront it.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO PRESIDE OVER A SECTION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: MISS ETHEL SARGENT.

The Botany Section of the British Association this year made a great innovation in choosing a woman as their president—Miss Ethel Sargent. Thanking the members in her Address, she said that, though she felt very keenly the honour done her as a botanist, she felt still more grateful for the generosity shown to all women by such a choice, made as it was in the face of custom and prejudice. —[Photo. Farrington Photo Co.]

Plato the Journalist-Artist.

Many a characteristic touch adorns the subsequent sketch of this profoundly reflective parent. At his school they did no logic nor philosophy, "and at Oxford it was not so much thought we came to deal with as a mis-translation and vulgarisation of ancient and alien exercises in thinking. . . . The stuff was administered with a mysterious gilding of Greek and reverence; old Hegel's monstrous web was the ultimate modernity; and Plato, that intellectual journalist-artist, that bright, restless experimentalist in ideas, was, as it were, the God of Wisdom, only a little less omniscient (and, on the whole, more of a scholar and a gentleman) than the God of fact." The dignified and decorative Imperialism which the narrator carried through the Boer War finds expression in his own father's phrase on Tariff Reform: "Custom-houses are ugly things, Stephen—the dirty side of nationality. . . . What's the good of a huckster country? It's like having a wife on the streets—it's no excuse she brings you money."

The Greatest Country.

India and America are both visited and sparklingly reviewed. "In spite of rawness and vehemence, and a scum of blatant—oh, quite asinine!—folly, the States remain the greatest country in the world, the living hope of mankind": the antithesis of India—"the freshest and most radiant beginning that has ever been made in human life." And after all the fighting, the globe-trotting, and the speculation, one ever comes back to Mary and her love and her letters, all very vivid—as Mr. Wells can so consummately make them—and all ending in a little dust, save for this immortelle wreath of pious hope which would fain envision for Love deep as the sea something less terrible than Jealousy cruel as the grave, a passionate revolt against the conventions and laws with which jealousy has chained love, a passionate demand for a wide, impersonal love in its place.



THE BERNARD SHAW FABLE-PLAY METHOD ANTICIPATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK: "ANDROCLES AND THE LION" ACCORDING TO THE FAMOUS ARTIST, AND SUGGESTING VERY MUCH THE TREATMENT OF THE SUBJECT AT THE ST. JAMES'S. George Cruikshank, it will be recalled, was born in 1792, and died in 1878.

* "The Passionate Friends." By H. G. Wells. (Maxmillan; 6s.)

THE TRUTH, BUT NOT THE WHOLE TRUTH.



THE BATHER: You infernal little liar! You told me there were no crocodiles here!

THE NATIVE: Dis nigger tell de truth, Massa. Dere ain't no crocs; dey neber come heear; dey too much afraid ob de sharks.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE STORY OF THE OLD MAN IN THE GARDENS.

By HAROLD BLIND.

WOMEN stopped to look at them as they passed, and smiled. Three little girls and two little boys clung to his hands and to the skirt of his frock-coat as he danced round and round, gyrating along the raised pavement towards Kensington Church.

Idly I followed until the strange group turned into the gates of the Gardens, and the five children left him and began to play by themselves. He sat down beside me, panting, and wiped his glasses. He had a long white beard, and white hair flowed from under his silk hat. Seen at close quarters, his clothes were rather shabby, but he looked at me with eyes that gave no idea of age—they were like the eyes of the children with whom he had romped.

At this moment a park-keeper, with many medals on his breast, sauntered past. He saluted the old gentleman, saying—

"Fine weather for the chicks, Sir."

"Yes; all young things enjoy the sunshine—the wholesome sunshine of this climate."

"Yes; this ain't like the tropics! Good evening, Colonel," said the park-keeper, passing on.

The kiddies were playing noisily on the grass just behind us. One of the girls danced up and hung a pink-tipped daisy-chain round the old man's neck. He looked at me, a little timidly, I thought.

"May I ask if you are—if you are fond of them?" he asked; and, on my reply, "I am so glad! Some people are not, and they complain of the noise we make. Is it not extraordinary? To me the sound of children playing is exquisitely beautiful; and we hear them seldom enough, God knows, before we die. . . . And then we shall never hear them again, unless, perhaps—"

He paused, and I asked, to break the silence—

"You know the tropics, then, and their huge monotony of sunlight?"

"Oh, yes; I served abroad, in the old days, for many years. You ought to see the little beggars out there—the children in India, or Africa, or Ceylon, or the Malays. But they grow up! . . . They change—aye, they change!"

The old soldier's eyes took on a curious look of fear, and he stared straight at the westering sun. The kiddies still played noisily behind us.

"I had a child of my own once," he said; "but he was—he was—"

He fingered the daisy-chain, broke it, and flung it away.

"They wore wreaths," he said, "wreaths and garlands of scarlet flowers—flowers all red and gold—blood-red! . . . Shall that red, bright as the tunics of our infantry—bright as the daybreak and the sunset—ever be effaced? I see it when I close my eyes and the light shines through my lids. Sometimes I see it in the dark—great patches swim, objective, on the blackness of the night. Then, if I turn on the electric lamps, I see it still; when I attempt to sleep. . . . The old horror of the red insomnia comes back to me. . . ."

"I was one of the Lords of India after the Mutiny. I was sent, as was our insolent and splendid custom, with but a small guard, to hold faithful a faithless and treacherous State in Central India—a place of jungles and drought—priest-ridden, bled by its crafty ruler to provide for his luxury and vices. . . . I, my wife and child, and half a company of Sikhs under a native officer—Zorawar Singh.

"My wife came with me because we could not bear to part, though I urged her to stay in Lahore and to take our son to

England; but she would not, she said, until it was absolutely necessary for the child to leave the country. Perhaps I allowed my keen desire to have them with me to make me selfish, weak. So, against the advice of many, I took them. But some said that it would inspire confidence, and show that I trusted the people and the Court.

"You must know, Sir, that in those times we were animated by a spirit which is now, I fear, lost—or rather, dormant, as I should wish to believe. The Queen was an ideal. Well, I saw the condition of the people, of the priests, of the Court of this State to which I was appointed Resident. I felt it my duty to attempt to curb the expenditure and the debauchery of the King, and the abominable corruption which appeared upon all hands. There was but one man who lifted his head above the sea of superstition, vice, and peculation in which the kingdom wallowed. He was the noble who commanded the native army, and he was disliked by all save his troops. Had it not been for the devotion of the soldiers to their chief, he would have been made away with by the priests and the Vizier. He and I immediately struck up a fast friendship, and we started to reorganise the army, and I lent him my Sikhs to drill his men.

"I laid my hands upon the revenues. With the help of my friend, Bahla Sahib Daphle, I was able to point to such-and-such an abuse, or peculation, or act of tyranny, and to say, 'That is bad! That must cease!' You can imagine how we became feared and hated. None but the Sikh servants touched our food, yet once the priests nearly contrived to poison us. My wife and child were practically prisoners in the Residency and its grounds, which were well guarded.

"One day the King invited us to attend a great festival at the Palace in connection with some solemn religious anniversary. The invitation was such as to make it impossible to refuse without showing mistrust and putting a slight upon the King. My wife was included, and, after some discussion, we decided that she had better accompany me. We left our child at the Residency.

"I will not trouble you with the great processions, the elephants, the triumphal Juggernaut-cars, the array of shaven priests and wild Fakirs, the noise of barbaric music, nor with the details of the feast at the Palace, which degenerated into an orgy after the nautch-girls and the wines had inflamed the mob of nobles and retainers. After the first dances I rose, and was making my excuses for my wife when, to my surprise, the King was most gracious, and said that of course he understood the Memsahib was not accustomed to the games or the blossoms of the Garden of Karma, or some such high-flown verbiage.

"But," continued the King, 'before you depart I will show you what no European has yet beheld. I will take your Excellency and the beautiful lady his wife to see the sacred temple and the royal treasure beneath the Palace. I give you my royal word that not a hair of your heads shall be touched, nor any manner of bodily harm come to either of you.'

"Then, as we still demurred, he frowned and said impatiently to the Commander of the troops—

"Come thou also, Friend of the English."

"As Bahla Sahib Daphle was to attend us, I could not well refuse further. He bowed to the King, and lifted his left hand to his turban and dropped it on his sword-hilt.

"Then the King led the way from the banquet-hall, and many priests fell in beside us and behind us. I looked at Bahla Sahib,

[Continued overleaf.]

HER CONVICTIONS — AND HIS.



THE PROSPECTIVE TENANT (*viewing house*): I think, after all, a flat would suit us better.

THE CARETAKER: Well, Sir—Fer meself, I feel a flat so much like a prison; but then, of course, it all depends on what you're accustomed to.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

but he made no sign. We passed through courts where I had never penetrated before, and presently came to a temple. In the centre of this was an opening in the dark floor, from which a red light flowed upwards, and we heard the sound of drums.

"Have no fear," said the King; "my royal word is passed." So we descended an easy flight of stone steps into the place that was beneath the floor of the upper fané. Here were more priests, and the flickering cressets cast weird shadows, and made curious effects of light. But instead of stopping here we passed down yet more steps, continuous with the first flight but for a landing, into a third and lower chamber. And here I beheld the treasure of the King who wrung taxes from his abject serfs—who ground the faces of his poor. But you have heard of these hoards of the Princes. They are never touched save in direst extremity, and each ruler strives to add to the ancestral wealth. There were piles of coins that would have fetched many times their intrinsic value as curios—mohurs of Akbar, Greek and Roman gold, British guineas, Portuguese coroas, Dutch ducats, Spanish doubloons, Persian tomans—all the coins of the Old World, it seemed, both gold and silver. There were jewels cut and uncut, set and unset, gold in ingots and silver in bars, or worked with wonderful smith-craft into armour or weapons or utensils.

"The Maharajah wished to load me with gifts, but, of course, I courteously declined—*timeo Danaos*, you know!—but, in the end, my wife was induced to accept a few diamonds and rubies and some old silver filigree. I noticed that Bahla Sahib was now showing signs of uneasiness, and apparently listening, so I made a move to go up the steps. When we got into the temple above the treasury we were asked to inspect the altar and the preparations for a most solemn sacrifice. At the far end of this underground, rock-hewn chamber, a small figure of Kali stood before a curious stone platform which had a deepish groove in its lip just above the head of the goddess.

"Then, without the least warning, we were pinioned by many hands. Bahla Sahib tried to draw his sword, but then submitted quietly. It was not consistent with my dignity to struggle, but I said quietly: 'Is this the faith of the King?'

"No harm shall befall you or your woman—no bodily harm!" answered the Maharajah. 'It is as I promised!' and he smiled.

"At that instant four fakirs and the high priest appeared on the stone platform above the goddess, and we heard a child's cry of terror, and my wife began to fight like a madwoman with those who held her.

"The fakirs laid my little son upon the slab, with his head projecting and his neck in the groove.

"The whole plan was clear. No *bodily* harm was to be done to myself or my wife, but our child was to be murdered before our eyes. He saw us and shrieked to his mother. It was very terrible. Lydia had ceased to struggle, and was talking soothingly to our boy, telling him it was but a game, and that he was quite safe with Mummy and Dad. The little chap had absolute faith in us, and was quiet. To the King I spoke, warning him of vengeance to follow, swiftly, if he perpetrated this atrocity; but he replied that if the English had been strong enough to conquer him they would have done so, instead of sending one Sahib with fifty Sikhs. The high priest had drawn a glittering knife from his robes, and the ritual was going forward in all its complex details. The crowd of holy men was pressing closer. The noise of drumming and chanting ceased; and, in that silence, we heard a burst of distant shouting and a rattle of musketry. Bahla Sahib sprang from the guards holding him, whose attention had been centred on the sacrifice. He cut down two, right and left, and leaped at the altar. I, too, burst free, but the calm hierophant above was too quick for us, and he—he—Oh, God! you know how the head of the victim is severed from the body so that the blood gushes over the image of Kali, drenching it! . . . Oh, God! . . .

"The fight had poured into the temple above us. The priests and the King all disappeared by mysterious exits, and my Sikhs and the Bahla Sahib's warriors dashed down the stairs with Zorawar Singh, my native officer, leading them. My wife had fainted, and for days remained unconscious, for when she regained any degree of life she shrieked and became again insensible.

"Bahla Sahib and his officers and Zorawar Singh dragged us into the night air, and two men brought my child. I knew what was afoot, but I was powerless to prevent it. The troops of the

King and my Sikhs had fraternised, and the city was in revolt. The palace was fired and they smoked the King and the High Priest from their hiding-places and my Muslim soldiers slew them. The night was red—red with flames and blood . . . all red! . . .

"Finally, at the dawn, Bahla Sahib and Zorawar Singh came to me, where I was watching beside my wife, and said—

"Sahib, the sentinels are withdrawn from thy door, and thou mayest go forth and see! For every drop of thy son's blood we have shed that of ten priests! It is good!"

"I sent my wife away, with my report, under strong escort, whilst I worked day and night to hold the State in hand. We proclaimed the heir-apparent King. We placed the city under martial law, and Bahla Sahib's troops kept order until a British battalion arrived, together with a regiment of Bengal Cavalry.

"When I was able to leave my post, I found that my wife had lost her reason, and I sometimes think it was God's mercy that she did.

"Her memory was completely obliterated. She did not even recall our marriage. I was a stranger to her. But I did not grieve about this, as some might have done. I thanked God that my dear wife had forgotten that red nightmare in the temple. I dare not dwell upon it myself, yet it haunts me, at times, so that I have to resort to drugs or alcohol to drive the visions of it back into the recesses of my brain. To-day I was reminded of it by a motor accident here in Church Street, and the sight of the blood. . . . Ah! . . ."

The old Colonel passed his hand across his eyes. Then, as I was going to speak, he went on—

"When the Bahla Sahib Daphle lifted his hand to his turban, and dropped it upon his sword-hilt, in the banqueting-hall, it was a signal to his followers. He had got wind of the King's infernal plot, but could not leave the feast or communicate with me. But his officers knew that signal, and they gathered their soldiery, and told Zorawar Singh, who waited with half his men outside the palace for my return. He sent post-haste to the Residency for the rest of his command, and then it was they discovered that my son had been spirited away. I shall never know how that act of treachery was accomplished—whether one or more of my servants were bribed, or whether the Ayah was unfaithful. Sometimes I almost believe in magic—in an intense power of hypnotism. Frankly, I do not know how they got the boy. But there is the fact.

"The Bahla Sahib's troops rushed to arms, shouting that their beloved leader was taken and was about to be slain by the priests. My fellows knew that I was in peril and that my child was stolen. I believe that they would have fought and scattered the whole available forces of the King, even had those remained faithful to him. But the only resistance offered was by the ecclesiastics, and the eunuchs and the slaves who composed the Maharajah's personal guards, rallied by the reactionary nobles and their drunken retainers.

"But my deliverers arrived just too late—just a few little minutes too late to save my little boy . . . and the sight of the accident has brought it all back to me—all back to me—and I must face the red insomnia to-night. It will all be red. Look, even the sun is red above the houses! I—"

"Uncle Tim! Uncle Tim! It is getting very late. It is time for us to go home," said one of the girls, running up and taking the old man's hand. Then—

"Oh, Uncle Tim! Look, you have thrown away my daisy-chain! Oh, Uncle Tim! it is all broken!"

"I am very sorry, my dear, very sorry, but—but—there, you must make me another to-morrow! Run and fetch the others," he said, and to me—

"Even the daisies seemed dipped in blood to-day!" He gathered up his five gleeful charges, bidding me a courteous good-night, and hoping that he had not trespassed upon my time and my kindness. As he led them away I saw him produce a large bag of sweets from his pocket and serve them out to the children, who clustered round him like a litter of puppies fed on morsels of something delicious which is bad for them.

The broad and scarlet sun, dimmed in the London mists, hung just above his head.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

CLAIMED BY THE STATES AS THE GREATEST AMATEUR GOLFER LIVING: THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPION.

Mr. Travers
Once Again.

It was only the other day that I was discussing some of the methods and peculiarities of Mr. Jerome D. Travers, and the system by which he had raised himself to golfing greatness; and since then he has



THE AMERICAN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: ROUND THE OFFICIAL SCORE-BOARD AT THE GARDEN CITY CLUB, NEW YORK.

won another American Championship (I saw him win it) and is a much greater man than ever before. The Americans state plainly—state it by voice, and in just so many words in print—that “Jerome Travers is the greatest amateur golfer in the world today.” Whatever I may think, I am not in a position to dispute with them upon this delicate question in their own land today. I admit that by a process of simple logic they must gain on me here. Mr. Travers is only twenty-six years of age, but he has already won the Amateur Championship of America four times, and that is more than any other man has ever won it. He won it this time, for the second year in succession, as easily as could be, though the best of the remainder of American golf was set up stiffly and determinedly against him. He is now at one and the same time the holder of three important championships of his country—the National, the Metropolitan, and the New Jersey State—and I cannot see anything to prevent him from winning all three again next year, and the year after that. He has such a clear supremacy over all other American golfers as no British amateur has ever had over all the amateurs in our own country. Then we have the fact that Mr. Heinrich Schmidt, who passed into the sixth round of the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews, and came exceedingly near to winning that championship—being regarded as a wonder and a genius by the British golfing populace—could not even survive the qualifying test of the championship that Mr. Travers has just won at Garden City, on Long Island, near New York. He was in difficulties in the first round of that test, and had to play off for the last place among the sixty-four; and he was again in difficulties in the second qualifying round, and though he was one of twelve who had to play off for as many as eleven qualifying places, he was the solitary victim. Thus he could not make himself eligible for the match play. Mr. Travers is several strokes better than Mr. Schmidt. He is unquestionably a far superior golfer.

Sound Logic,
But —

I cannot, therefore, resist the logic of the Americans when they ask — “If Heinrich Schmidt can get within a putt of the semi-final at St. Andrews, where, then, should Jerome Travers get to if not to the distinction of being Gold Medallist?” But I can answer that logic has nothing to do with golf, and that, moreover, Great Britain is not the United States of America. However, the situation of doubt, suspense, and curiosity that has arisen through this latest burst of

brilliancy on the part of the American idol—for that is what he really is—will not be prolonged indefinitely. For the first time since Mr. Walter Travis won the Championship at Sandwich and took our cup with him back to America, a foreign golfer has arisen who seems undoubtedly to have some good case for considering himself the equal of the best of British golfers. Mr. Travers, indeed, is in a unique position of honour and respect, for we knew nothing much about Mr. Travis (how uncannily alike are these names; the next Championship is at Sandwich too, where Mr. Travis won—and there is much in common, especially in the matter of temperament, between these two players!), and consequently did not fear him in the least, whereas we are obliged to fear this new foreign star a little. Well, I have had some quiet talks with him, and he has told me definitely that I may say he will almost certainly match himself against our British golfers in the Championship at Sandwich next May, though previously he had half decided not to come to Britain again. But he is a far better golfer now than he was in 1909 (though he was very good then), American amateur golf can yield him no more distinction, it is made to appear that he really would have a chance of winning our Amateur Championship, and so we shall hear of him sailing across the Atlantic some time next April.

A Strong Personality.

The single reservation that he makes is not to be regarded with any apprehension. He says that he will come only if he can become properly accustomed to another form of putter than the Schenectady, which he has been using all along, and which is illegal on British links. He is going to practise with others forthwith, and he will surely find the right one in due course. He will be the most interesting visitor we have ever had in golfing England. He is a very strong golfing personality indeed, having that clean-cut individuality and that force of character which always mark the greatest champions. They may sometimes have their weaknesses, but their strengths rise superior to them. Mr. Travers is a rather short, slender man, with a keen, sharp-featured face which goes almost without a smile all the way from the first tee to the eighteenth green.

He makes just about the most relentless, severest, most terrible opponent in match play that I have ever seen. He gives nothing



THE ONLY ONE WHICH CONSTANTLY BOTHERED THE CHAMPION: THE HOME HOLE—A ONE-SHOTTER ACROSS A POND.

As we noted in our last issue, Mr. Jerome D. Travers has again won the American Amateur Golf Championship.



PLAYING OFF HIS TIE FOR THE LAST QUALIFYING PLACE: MR. HEINRICH SCHMIDT BUNKERED.

Mr. Schmidt, who did so well in British events this year, is here seen bunkered when playing off his tie for the last qualifying place in the American Amateur Championship. Mr. Schmidt took 7 for the hole and failed to qualify.

away. He is never, never careless, and he is one of those men who by their very pertinacity simply worry you and frighten you out of holes.

HENRY LEACH.



VAUDEVILLE AT THE EMPIRE, AND CONTRIBUTIONS FROM FRANCE AND ITALY.

IT would, perhaps, be rash to say with certainty that the vogue of the revue had come to an end, but true it is that two of the houses which have recently been addicted to that form of entertainment have reverted to what we call "Variety," and the Americans call "Vaudeville."

Whether this policy is to be regarded as permanent remains to be seen, but for the moment, at any rate, the spread of the revue has received a setback. At the Empire, in addition to a number of varied and attractive "turns," including the sprightly Miss Daisy Jerome, there has been produced what is defined on the programme as a "Vaudeville"—in other words, it is a condensed musical comedy lasting about an hour. It is called "The Gay Lothario," though it does not turn upon the doings of that accomplished philanderer, and the "book" emanates from the experienced pen of Mr. C. H. Bovill, while the music has been composed by Mr. Frank Tours. "Wigs," as usual, "by Clarkson." In a scene representative of the hall of an hotel at a be-nighted watering-place, the story, full of imbroglio, is unfolded of a Mr. Valentine Vere who is mistakenly taken for a musical-comedy "star" of the same name; the latter's contract with his manager

so great that Mme. Rasimi was emboldened to experimentalise again and import "C'est Chic" from the same Parisian theatre, but it is very doubtful whether an equal success will reward her enterprise. The revue is pretentious and is presented in no fewer than twenty-two tableaux. It deals with all sorts and kinds of topics, but somehow it seems to be lacking in the qualities that made for the popularity of its predecessor. In comparison with our English way of doing things

the mounting is poor and tawdry, and the "grand ballet pantomime," "Les Perles," is quite ineffective in consequence. It would seem shocking to assert that the comedians are not especially comic, but the disconcerting fact remains. However much one may pride oneself on one's knowledge of French, it is difficult for an Englishman to understand the latest argot of the Parisian; but I could not help noticing that though the comedians strove hard, they failed to extract any noticeable merriment from their compatriots in the audience, which confirmed my opinion that they were not funny. None of the artistes shows any exceptional talent, but perhaps the best of them are Mlle. Serrana, who appears in a daring green costume, and M. Fortuné, who manages to get some fun out of an impersonation of Tartarin de Tarascon. If the French revue is to establish itself in London, something better than "C'est Chic" will have to be shipped across the Channel.



THE VILLAIN OF "SEALED ORDERS," AT DRURY LANE: MR. C. M. HALLARD AS GASTON FOURNAL.

Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.

being not to enter the bonds of holy matrimony under a penalty of five thousand pounds upon infraction of his agreement. As Mr. Vere has become engaged to Miss Dahlia Simpson under more or less false pretences, and the popular singer has secretly married a lady who is known to her intimates as "the Merry Widow," the situation, aggravated by the arrival of the manager, Sir George Toorish, becomes desirably complicated. An excellent company carries the piece along with fine spirit. As Sir George Toorish, Mr. Shaun Glenville is a welcome arrival. He is a comedian fully equipped with powers of fun-making who at once established himself in public favour. Mr. Vernon Watson has a very funny part, in which his powers of mimicry are cruelly misunderstood. Miss Unity More is all lightness and brightness; Miss Maidie Hope is the Merry Widow to the life; and Miss Kate Sergeantson, as the "heavy mother," plays with her usual distinction. Everybody works with a will, with the result that all goes merry as a marriage-bell.

In Drury Lane. The success of the experiment of bringing over "J'Adore Ca" from the Ba-ta-Clan was



COMIC RELIEF IN "SEALED ORDERS," AT DRURY LANE: MR. HALE HAMILTON AS HANNIBAL K. CALHOUN (CAGLIOSTRO).

Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.



THE HERO OF "SEALED ORDERS," AT DRURY LANE: MR. LANGHORNE BURTON AS THE HON. DENNIS WILLOUGHBY.

Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.

A Volume of Sound. In discarding the revue from its bill the Hippodrome management has gone back to the time-honoured style of variety entertainment. There are now gymnasts, vocalists, instrumentalists, a billiardist, a sketch,

and an educated pony bearing the historic name of "Sandow"; but as a special attraction there is "the greatest chorus in the world," hailing from the Scala Theatre, in Milan. One hundred singers, the men attired in evening-dress and rosettes, and the ladies in white frocks embellished with the national colours of Italy, proclaim selections from the operas, conducted by the able bâton of Signor Gino Puccetti; and so the house that recently rocked with rag-time now vibrates with Verdi and Wagner. Such solo work as is to be done is very well done by Signor Ernesto Caronna, who is the possessor of a fine voice, and rouses the audience, especially the Italian section of it, to enthusiasm.—ROVER.



THE END OF "THE FUGITIVE": THE LAST MOMENT OF MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S NEW PLAY AT THE COURT—CLARE POISONS HERSELF.

Clare, exasperated by her husband, runs away to what she believes will be freedom, and gets work in a shop. There she is pestered, for she is pretty; and, as a result, becomes a fugitive again, and goes once more to Malise, on whose advice she has been acting. Eventually, she agrees to live with Malise. This is no more a success than was her marriage. She flees again, and, being at the end of her tether, puts on her best dress and sits herself down in the little supper-room at the Gascony. A youngster offers her supper; soon finds that she is a lady (not one of *ces dames*); and behaves well. But Clare cannot go on, and poisons herself.

Photograph by C.N.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE CAR—"THIEF" AND THE A.A. PATROLS: SLOW THROUGH SANDGATE: CREOSOTE: LIGHTS ON VEHICLES.

Scouts as Sleuth Hounds.

No better testimony to the use and efficiency of the A.A. patrols (Stenson Cooke revolts at "scouts") could be afforded than is given in a copy of a letter now before me, over the signature of the assistant editor of the *Sporting Life*, Mr. B. Bennison. Lunching with a motoring friend, Mr. Bennison expressed scepticism of the usefulness of the patrols noting down the numbers of the cars that passed them. The friend bet Mr. Bennison five pounds that if he "stole" the car he was driving, and information was laid at the City offices of the A.A. and M.U., the system of number-noting and the A.A. telephone organisation would enable one of the A.A. men to make an arrest in less than two hours, and before a distance of fifty miles had been reached. The friend drove off with his car, the number, colour, and general appearance having been noted, and, after half-an-hour's grace had been given, information that this particular car had been stolen was lodged at the Guildhall office of the A.A.

Nobbled Within Two Hours.

Having calmly noted the points, the official at the City office asked if Mr. Bennison would call or ring up in about an hour for news. He did so, and was informed that the car had passed the patrols on duty on Putney Hill, Esher, and Burford Bridge, but that it had done so before the men on duty at those points had had intelligence that it was stolen. Later, information came that the car had been seen in Dorking, heading for Guildford, and later came the news that the patrol on duty at Clandon Cross-Roads had stopped the car. The owner disclaimed unlawful possession, protested that he was the owner of the car, and so on. The patrol refused to credit this statement, and put one of his co leagues in the car, telling him to remain in it until a policeman was encountered, to whom the "thief" should be given in charge. The patrol was asked over the telephone how the thief had taken the matter, and the reply was that he had used terrible language, made threats, and offered bribes, but all to no purpose. The embargo was presently taken off per 'phone, and two hours later Mr. Bennison was parting with his money.

Slow Through Sandgate.

The fact that, when a speed-limit is imposed over any stretch of road, it must be concerned with the ridiculous speed of ten miles per hour and no more renders it imperative that motorists should give the closest attention to such appeals as appear in the last report of the General Committee of the Royal Automobile Club. Much complaint obtains with regard

to the speed at which motor-cars are driven through Sandgate, Kent. The main road of the town runs for the most part along the sea-front, between the houses and the beach, and the danger to children crossing to the sea-shore has probably not been recognised by motorists. Although an application for a speed-limit is in serious consideration by the Council, that body has most considerably first communicated with the Club, with a view to drawing attention to the matter. Recognising the courtesy of this proceeding, the Club appeals to all motorists driving through Sandgate to do so with the utmost caution, and so prove to the Council that their consideration has not been in vain.



THE WEST IN THE EAST: A MOTOR-CAR CROSSING THE CURIOUS PONTOON-BRIDGE OVER THE GANGES AT ALLAHABAD.

Photograph by Topical.

Creosote to the Rescue.

A few weeks ago no motorist would have dreamt that the substance known as creosote might come to have an important bearing on his well-being so far as the fuel for his engine is concerned. This pungent substance has kept hidden within itself a spirit which is in every way admirably adapted for use in internal-combustion engines, and it can be made to

render it up on treatment by a simple process devised by that most prolific inventor, Mr. Lamplough. According to the best authorities, enormous quantities of creosote are available in this country, for, says the *Motor*, we export no less than 40,000,000 gallons per year. If it be true, as is stated, that under Mr. Lamplough's process no less than 75 per cent. comes off as motor-spirit, and that without any, or very little, further treatment, it would certainly appear that this country has a source of motor-fuel likely to render her largely independent of imports, and of the Trust that has hitherto ground the face of the motorist into the earth.

Earlier Lighting.

As the winter and dark nights are approaching it is well that an agitation is afloat to advance the time of lighting up. It is obvious that the Lights Upon Vehicles Bill was drafted by those who had only the summer in mind, or who never rode or drove upon the roads after sunset. Even on the longest day, at least in the South of England, the careful motorist will light some time before the sun has been one hour below the horizon, while in late autumn and winter it is frequently imperative that lights should be on half an hour afterwards, or even earlier. It is not the motorist who is loth to set his lamps going, but the drivers and owners of slow-going traffic.



"STEP THIS WAY"—IF YOU WANT A MOTOR-CYCLE WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WALKING TO THEIR MACHINE BETWEEN TWO LINES OF CYCLES AND SIDE-CARS AND UNDER A SHOWER OF CONFETTI.

The wedding of Miss G. A. P. Brokenshaw, of Plymouth, and Mr. A. E. Dyson, of Brighton, both members of the Plymouth and District Motor-Cycle Club, was quite a motor-cycle affair. The guests came on cycles and in side-cars, and after the marriage ceremony the whole party motor-cycled some nine miles to Yelverton, where the wedding-breakfast was served.

Photograph by Topical.

When any new legislation affecting this matter is undertaken, it is to be hoped that means will be adopted to make front and rear lights upon all vehicles compulsory throughout the kingdom.



THE "greatly exaggerated report" of Lord de Freyne's death was contradicted quickly enough to prevent a deluge of condolences. But, all the same, a few people were able to sympathise on the lesser count. Death, if only by report, is not a pleasant business.

Mr. Birrell knows what it feels like to read his own obituary notice; and Sir Squire Bancroft once put a mourning-band upon his famous top-hat in acknowledgment of an account of his burial in a paper that mistook him for the historian of the same name. The wits, of course, do their best to console the victims of such errors. Lord Fitzwilliam still keeps a copy of "Paradise Lost" sent him when, as Lord Milton, he contradicted a report that he had been killed in the hunting-field; and he has, too, "Paradise Regained," which came to him as a wedding-present from the same donor.

The Wrong Sir John.

The length of the obituary notice of Lord de Freyne in the *Times* made it particularly conspicuous; but, as far as the central misstatement went, the *Times* was no more wrong than any of the other daily papers. Another error in Society news occurred last week. "The Duke of Connaught has returned from Ireland," we read, "where he has been spending the week with Sir John Lees." There is probably no Sir John Lees to deny that he was so honoured by the Duke of Connaught; and his Royal Highness's real host (Sir John Leslie) will only smile at the new generation of Court journalists for being unfamiliar with an old man who has been the host of royalty for about half-a-century. The Leslies are old and close friends, and have a sort of standing claim upon his Royal Highness. Colonel Leslie, Sir John Leslie's only son, is also an old friend, like his parents; while his wife, Mrs. "Jack" Leslie, is Lady Randolph Churchill's sister, and has a sister's full share of the wit and wisdom that make good hostesses.

The Motoring Ministers.

Since the days when Mr. Balfour gave bicycle-lessons to Mr. Asquith a change has come over Ministerial recreations. The golf-course and the motor-car (with an

occasional taxi-cab thrown in) keep both Government and Opposition busy. Mr. Balfour, after playing golf with, and against, Mr. Bonar Law, has gone motoring as far North as Scottish roads will let him; Mr. Lloyd George has been recently motoring on the Continent; and Mr. and Mrs. Asquith have been making many excursions from Hopeman Lodge in a car powerful enough to break all the laws of speed-limit.

Mrs. Peter Pat Pan. At luncheon the other day Mme.

Sarah Bernhardt learned about new English plays and books from Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who, in her turn, heard of things just published and produced in Paris. By the time the coffee arrived, however, they were talking, not of books or plays, but of themselves, and doing it with the astounding vivacity that may well be the despair of younger women. Mrs. "Pat" is arriving at that age, long familiar to her friend, when she is complimented by everybody on her youthfulness. And with good reason; even the immortal Sarah was drawn to ask her the secret of a more-than-ever blooming cheek. "Playing a Barrie play!" answered Mrs. Patrick, with conviction. It is hardly necessary to add that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is now appearing in Sir J. M. Barrie's new piece, "The Adored One," at the Duke of York's.

Reversing.

Count Fritz Hochberg has taken Dibden Manor, in Hampshire, and is looking forward to an active hunting season. Nothing short of a throw puts him off his hobby—and not that for very long! Last year he met with an accident to his leg that would have kept most men at home, but he found the remedy. He could, without injury to the limb, he discovered, ride side-saddle. And so it happened more than once that he went bobbing that way across country—sometimes the only rider not astride, even when women were in the field. They, of course, were, besides following the pack, following the fashion that used to be masculine.



MRS. A. HICKMAN CROFTS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN M. H. L. MORGAN HAS BEEN FIXED FOR SEPTEMBER 23.

Mrs. Hickman Crofts is the youngest daughter of the late Captain Samuel Hodder, of Ringabella, Co. Cork. Captain Morgan, who is her cousin, is the youngest son of the late Colonel Westropp Morgan. He is in the 62nd Punjab.

Photograph by Swaine.

the *Times* made it particularly conspicuous; but, as far as the central misstatement went, the *Times* was no more wrong than any of the other daily papers. Another error in Society news occurred last week. "The Duke of Connaught has returned from Ireland," we read, "where he has been spending the week with Sir John Lees." There is probably no Sir John Lees to deny that he was so honoured by the



TO MARRY MR. HAROLD MARTIN SOAMES ON OCTOBER 7: MISS COLLEEN RUTH ADDINSELL.

Miss Addinsell is the younger daughter of Mr. Augustus Whitehorn Addinsell and Mrs. Addinsell, of 10, Curzon Street.

Photograph by Thomson.



GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST LORD TOLLEMACHE: MISS MARSLIE WOOD.

Miss Wood is the débutante daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Tom Wood, who is entertaining a great deal this season for her.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN DAVID A. LYNCH: MISS DORIS ALBERTA SAVORY.

Miss Savory is the only daughter of Rear-Admiral Savory, M.V.O., and of Mrs. Herbert Savory, of 36, Sloane Court. Captain Lynch, late of the Royal Fusiliers, of 37, St. James's Place, is the eldest son of the late David Lynch, Q.C.

Photograph by Sarony.



ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD WILBRAHAM MOLYNEUX TOLLEMACHE: MISS EVELYN LESTRANGE FITZROY.

Miss FitzRoy is the second daughter of the late Captain Frederick Le Strange FitzRoy, and of Mrs. FitzRoy.

Photograph by Sarony.



TO MARRY MISS COLLEEN RUTH ADDINSELL ON OCTOBER 7: MR. HAROLD MARTIN SOAMES.

Mr. Soames, of the 20th Hussars, is the youngest son of Mr. W. A. Soames, of 45, Lexham Gardens, and Moor Park, Farnham.

Photograph by Thomson.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Modish Suburbia. For years past we have all used our superfluous humour upon the suburbs, as if a reasonable demand for even partially good air was a puerile and second-rate ambition. Yet, with the advent of the motor-car, the derided suburbs—or, at any rate, some of them—have suddenly become ultra-modish, and persons of the highest fashion, who would formerly have only been content with Grosvenor Square, now set up their household gods in Wimbledon or on Ham Common. Royal and imperial personages have, as a matter of fact, for some time been aware of the convenience of living a few miles out of the heart of London. A Russian Grand Duke has migrated to Hampstead, by way of being betwixt town and country, while ex-King Manoel and his bride have found a royal exile's residence at Twickenham. Perhaps the London suburbs, with their sturdy commonplace and their lack of romance, appeal to potentates and others liable to assassination. It is impossible to associate deadly daggers with the placid environs of Richmond. Hampstead suggests the Cockney worship of Dionysus, but not the Nihilist's bomb. If there is something a little soul-destroying about the suburbs to the native islander, foreigners in search of quiet find in them the paradise of their dreams. And now it would look as if our aristocracy were also seized with a passion for suburban existence. Is not the best-known Dowager Duchess in England taking up her abode at Roehampton? The great houses of the West will soon be left to the Americans, South Africans, and Israelites who do so much to enliven us most of the year. The *vieille souche* will possibly be found at Tooting.

The Fateful Twenty-Fifth.

I believe that more people change houses on the 25th of September than on any other day of the year, so that the date becomes of fearful import to many migratory persons. There are people who uproot themselves with curious regularity every few years; they cannot be happy unless they are moving, planning new residences, buying new furniture, cogitating on fresh carpets and draperies. No sooner have they made their new home what they consider perfection—when they have acquired the most modern conveniences, built a garage, laid on the telephone, and, if in the country, erected the newest fashion in pergolas and reduced the lawn to velvet smoothness—than lo! their labours will all be for others, for the *Wander-geist* has seized them and they must go forth once more in quest of a new home. It must be said for these restless folk that they, like the rolling stone, collect no moss. Their abodes are the acme of neatness, they are polished and lacquered and shining, and no rubbish of

that, generally speaking, he cannot bear to part with any of these things, which have for him a sentimental interest to which we cannot ourselves find a clue. And that is why the 25th of September is a day of fate for many of us—a date on which our dearest memories must be disturbed and our most cherished rubbish disinterred and disposed of.

The Cult of the Threadbare.

In one of Balzac's novels, "La Cousine Bette," the opening chapter indicates the approaching financial downfall of the Baron and Baroness Hulot, an unfailing sign being that their drawing-room mirrors are slightly tarnished and their tapestries a trifle worn. It is obvious that, in the 'thirties and 'forties, the sign of prosperity and well-being was to have everything dazzlingly new. The threadbare, the chipped, the worn had not yet become the fashion. Furniture was not faked to look old, ancient priests' vestments were not used for chair-covers or piano-draperies, and your carpet was required to smell of the warehouse or you were considered a ruined man. I wonder what the author of the "Comédie Humaine" would have thought of our modern rooms, which resemble nothing so much as a museum of antiquities, and from which anything approaching the sleek and shining is rigorously banished? In these days we have almost made a cult of the threadbare. To look old is the first duty of a piece of furniture, and the faded in tapestries and curtains is achieved at vast expense. In short, the shabbier your surroundings the more likelihood of your being a millionaire, the new being acquired only by those who cannot afford the shabby.

Uncomfortable Splendour.

Yet we do not all care to sleep in a museum, nor to eat our food in a mediæval refectory. There are certain discomforts attendant on being surrounded only with the antique and the picturesque. In a bedroom they leave one sighing for clean, wide cupboards, and a bed without four posts, a canopy, and curtains. I used to stay in a house in Hampshire where the taste of the owner lay in the splendours of the Italian Renaissance. There were Tintoretto's on the walls, and every candelabrum was a wonder of gilt carving; while the brocades and tapestries were marvels which people came from far and wide to see. In one's sombre bedroom, gleaming with antique mirrors and adorned with painted furniture, there was no single cupboard in which to hang the most modest wardrobe. Your gowns and skirts were carried off by a haughty maid into the Unknown, and only dealt out to you parsimoniously and at the eleventh hour, when you invariably asked for the wrong dress. Moreover, your apartment being part of a show-house, and liable to be invaded at any moment by sniffy strangers, it was incumbent on you to leave it always as immaculate as when you entered it with all your effects. Such are the tribulations which accompany uncomfortable splendour.



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING "ERNEST":
A BEAUTIFUL EVENING DRESS IN THE
LATEST FASHION.

Ernest, Ltd., 185, Regent Street, W.



FROM THE MECCA OF THE MODES:
TWO PARISIAN DESIGNS.

On the left is a mantle of pale-blue bengaline, with a black neck-band. The other figure has a tulle skirt, with two puckered flounces. The jacket is of pliant moire, in Saxe blue, trimmed with black velvet.

papers, torn books, or knick-knacks invades their rooms. To live a quarter of a century or more in the same house is to be the inheritor of other people's rubbish as well as of your own. When moving-time comes, as it will in the best-ordered families, there are, you will see, mountains of vague and singular objects to be dealt with, from invalids' chairs to manuscripts of stories, from faded photographs and letters to out-moded curtain-rods and musical instruments from Montenegro. And so strange is the race of Man

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 25.

ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANIES.

ONE of the features of last week's Miscellaneous Market was the firmness of the shares of all the London Electric Lighting Companies, and the sharp advance experienced in the shares of the City of London Electric Lighting Company and the County of London Electric Supply Company. This has been caused partly by rumours that the Corporation propose to take over these two concerns—as it is entitled to do—and partly by prospects of fresh business accruing when the Post Office's new electric tube is installed.

With regard to the first-mentioned rumours, we feel very doubtful, and cannot officially ascertain that any steps have been taken in the direction indicated. The new Post Office Tube, however, will, it seems certain, bring the Companies' increased business for lighting purposes, although it remains for Parliament to decide whether the supply of power will be purchased from these concerns or a special plant installed.

Apart from these two Companies, where the special circumstances introduce an element of speculation at present prices, we still hold the opinion which we have expressed upon many occasions during the last year or so—namely, that in this group of Companies are to be found some of the most attractive 5 per cent. investments in the Industrial Market.

Take, for instance, the Brompton and Kensington Company, with its small capital of only £200,000. The Ordinary dividend has been at the rate of 10 per cent. for many years, and more is being earned. The shares can be bought to yield over 5½ per cent. The St. James's and Pall Mall Ordinary offer an even higher yield, and the same class of shares in the Westminster Company are equally attractive.

CURRENT TOPICS.

As expected, another Coupon has been paid upon the Guayaquil and Quito First Mortgage Bonds, while the price, allowing for the deduction, has recovered a point. Some £18,000 is also in hand towards the £56,000 required to pay the next Coupon. It seems not improbable, therefore, that another payment will be forthcoming at the end of the year, making the fourth since December 1912. If the Government continue remitting at the rate they have done this year, the whole of the arrears should be cleared off in two years' time. Those who took our advice and bought these bonds last year have done well.

It is hardly surprising that the Maikop Spies Company have decided to leave the Maikop field altogether, and try their luck in pastures new. The results from this field have proved more and more disappointing during the last few years, and the great hopes held out when deep drilling was commenced have failed to materialise. There are very few, if any, companies in this field that we should care to recommend.

We are pleased to see that our Foreign Office is making representations to Brazil with regard to the Manaus Improvements Company. We think Brazil also will, later on, feel very thankful if it is thus prevented from repeating the treatment meted out to the Bahia Tramways Company. It would not take many such cases effectually to destroy that country's credit in Europe when the quotations for the issues of several similar concerns, such as the Port of Bahia bonds, have already suffered.

We hear rumours of a new Cement Company. The manufacture is to be carried on in one of our Colonies where the lime and sand are found in juxtaposition, and the coal not far off. Half a million is mentioned as the probable capital. We cannot confirm the statements, but if they should prove correct, Associated Portland Cement may well feel the draught.

ANOTHER STRIKE.

There was a strike on the Stock Exchange.

The Jobbers had struck for some unexplained reason—possibly because they weren't allowed fireworks or musical instruments before four o'clock, and, besides, it was fashionable. The Brokers had struck in sympathy.

Shorter's Court was full of pickets, Lyons' bar doing a roaring trade, and lean fellows rattled collecting-boxes at every corner. A procession of hungry men passed down Throgmorton Street singing "Who's That a-Calling?" and carrying a banner inscribed "Extend Our Options."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"City Editors mostly, and some Jobbers."

"Really! Don't they get their screws?"

"Yes; but that's all nowadays. See that prosperous-looking Johnny over there?"

"Yes."

"He's a City Editor too, but he's making his fortune—had to enlarge his paper, and all that. He's the only Stock Exchange at present."

"Come on," I said; "let's go and listen to the Conference." Just as we got near the door of the Hall, the crowd started cheering.

"What's the noise about?"

"Them's Edmund Davis and Mr. Heybourne," volunteered a bystander. "They're looking after the Public's interests. 'Ip, 'ip, 'ooray! For they are jolly good——"

A swirl of the crowd carried us opposite the entrance, and half-a-crown to a policeman got us inside.

There was quite a crowd of celebrities present. Sir George Askwith had been called in to try and settle the disputes (when he could discover what they were), Sir John Burns represented the interests of the Company Promoters, the Stock Exchange Committee were present in full force, and D. L. George, Esq., was the chosen spokesman of the Big Financial Houses.

He was speaking in his suave and courteous way when we entered—

"This dispute ought to be settled. My clients, who have taxes to pay, are now living on black bread, while the cables continue to accumulate in their offices. They can't keep them back much longer. Meanwhile, there is no market. Imagine their feelings!" (*with emotion*). They can't buy stock for fourpence which they know to be worth ninepence——"

His clients clearly thought he'd said enough, for they pulled him down by his coat-tails and gagged him.

"Speaking as an expert on Finance," began Mr. Arthur Burr—but at this moment there was a commotion near the door. Shouts of "Kill the blackleg!" "We'll have our turn!" filled the hall. Someone else had recognised the prosperous-looking Johnny outside and passed the word along.

We were carried out with the rush, but the object of the Jobbers' rage had escaped.

I took the opportunity to escape up West, and repaired to a hostelry for meat and drink. When I came out, an hour later, I bought a paper, and found in the stop-press—

"Strike settled. Jobbers agree to Brokers' terms, and Brokers to the Jobbers' turns."

It was a Famous Victory.

Saturday, Sept. 20, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CHIEL.—We should not advise a purchase of the Income Debentures. If, as appears to be the case, the trade boom is on the wane, you would be buying the Iron shares at about the top, which is never wise; we think you could do better.

BLAIR.—The Mining shares are a fair speculation—no more. If another dividend is forthcoming at the end of the year the price may go better. Take a profit if you can.

INVICTA (Maidstone).—(1) The position is improving and the price should recover. (2) A reasonable risk is the best they can be called. If they recover to anywhere near your price you should sell, but no immediate hurry. (3) Highly speculative. We fear the next Report will not be good, but you may see a recovery in a year or two. You must use your own discretion. (4) You must have a heavy loss here, so hold in hopes of some agreement being reached.

H.—Certainly hold the first-named. The others have fallen owing to price of rubber, which is the local export. We do not know why one should have fallen more than the other. They are not first-class securities, but we think you can hold on.

FAG.—Negotiations, we believe, are in progress for absorption by the Royal Insurance Company. Therefore we advise you to hold.

O. M. (Maida Vale).—We should prefer Nigerian Tin Corporation.

PLANTER, V. R.—Limit too high. N. M.—A fair holding, but little prospect of paying over 20 per cent.; anything over 2 would therefore be full value. J.—25s. seems enough. V. R. D.—You should get your limit eventually. N. G.—Our opinion is unaltered, but you might hold for a livelier market. S. D.—Pretty hopeless, we fear; the exchange should prove profitable. C. D.—Quite possible. Great Western Ordinary, Chilian Northern Railway Debentures, Sorocabana First Debentures should suit. See also this week's Notes.

A. O. S.—Your list is too long to review in detail. We like 2, 3, 11, 13, and 15 best; 10, 12, and 14 are too speculative. (9) We like the First Mortgage Debentures better than the Prior Lien, since both depend upon the Government paying regularly. Have you considered Domingo Tomba Debentures or Argentine National Mortgage Bank Cédulas? The Trust Companies are certainly cheap.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT FIVE PER CENT. GOLD LOAN, 1912.—Notice is hereby given that the coupon of the above Loan due Sept. 30, 1913, will be paid on and after that date (Saturdays excepted) in England, at Lloyd's Bank, Ltd., 72, Lombard Street, London, E.C., or at the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, 38, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.; or at the British Bank for Foreign Trade, Ltd., 11, King William Street, London, E.C.; or in Belgium, at La Caisse Générale de Reports de Dépôts, 12, Marche-ou-Bois, Brussels. Coupons must be left three clear days (excluding Saturdays) for examination previous to payment.—For the British and International Investment Trust, Ltd., Frederick A. E. Wells, Secretary, 9, Angel Court, London, E.C., Sept. 22, 1913.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

Home Again. I am writing this on the eve of flight South, not by the Highland and L.N.W.R. Air-Ship Company—as doubtless it will one day be—but by the familiar railway, once as great a wonder to the dwellers on this planet as the air-craft to us to-day. The weather up North has broken, and although it is not very bad yet, the charm of the changing sky, the perfect panorama of mountain and sea, the sun-warmed air scented with heather, have given place to high winds, sharp, stinging showers, and grey, sullen skies, blocking out from our view the everlasting hills, which are an unfailing joy to watch—they are never the same for half-an-hour together. The change has made many turn their steps homeward who would have stayed North longer with a continuance of the perfect climatic conditions which have existed up to now. The Northern Gathering at Inverness last week and the Perth Pony Races in the park at Scone finish up the social side of the Scotch season, although many people outstay it and continue to enjoy sport. Salmon and trout anglers will doubtless do so now, since the weather that suits them best is what we are now having. The Lochaber Ball is fixed for next week, and although Lady Hermione Cameron, always a very prominent patroness, is away on a visit to Canada with her husband Lochiel, it promises to be a great success.

The Sailing Sutherlands. The Duchess of Sutherland is not only a fine yachtswoman, fond of the sea and not at all put about by rough weather, but she can shoot straight with gun and with rifle. She is devoted to animals, and possesses Pekingese dogs and a baby puma, and other pets more or less precious. Recently she steered a neat little one-ton yacht of the Duke's, called the *Luath*, to victory for the Littleferry Challenge Cup over a nine-mile course in Golspie Bay. Her Grace handled her little craft very skilfully, and made excellent time. A brisk nor'-east wind was blowing, and the ducal skipper wore workmanlike oilskins. Among the ten boats defeated by the Duchess were the *Duchess of Sutherland* and *Millicent Sutherland*—no Highlander ever calls a boat after anything male. The Duchess is a good all-round sportswoman; angling, at which the Duchess Millicent—as the late Duke's widow is invariably called up North—is such an expert, interests her daughter-in-law less than shooting, sailing, or hunting.

Dunrobin shootings are let this season, but the Duke has Cambusmore, extending round the Mound and Rogart, in his own hands, and has been having good sport there with his cousins, Mr. Eric Chaplin and Viscount Castlereagh, and his brother, Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower. The Duchess has had her mother, the Countess of Lanesborough, and her young sister, Lady Moyra Butler, with her.

Fire! Fire! If ladies are to be made honorary firemen, men may be tempted to set their houses afire to ensure the attendance of a helmeted and hatchet-armed beauty. Suffragettes may probably strive to secure enrolment, as then they could enjoy notoriety and fame—the one by setting alight innocent, inoffensive people's property; the other by salving it. Lady Cicely Baillie Hamilton is an honorary member of the Tarporeley Fire Brigade, and was so enrolled by the unanimous vote of the men. The badge was presented to her by Chief Officer Wilkinson. We may be certain, therefore, that Lady Cicely is no fire-lighter, or she would be anathema to men who have to risk their lives often enough owing to accidents. Her interest in the brigade, and her understanding of and sympathy with their work have secured her the honour—for honour it is. There are brave women in the world who can do brave work at a pinch, and some of them have made gallant rescues at fires. The work of firemen is, perhaps of all others, least suited to a woman; a soldier's life, even, would be better within her range, and an odd woman here and there has shown a great aptitude for it.



UNCLE AND COUSINS OF THE BRIDE AT THE WEDDING OF SIR THOMAS LEES AND MISS BENITA PELLY: THE DUKE OF HAMILTON WITH HIS SECOND SON, LORD GEORGE DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, LADY MARGARET AND LADY JEAN, WHO ACTED AS BRIDESMAIDS.

The wedding of Sir Thomas Lees, Bt., and Miss Benita Pelly, daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Pelly, took place recently at Gillingham, Dorset. Lady Pelly is a sister of the Duchess of Hamilton. Lord George Douglas-Hamilton was born in 1906. Lady Jean was born in 1904, and Lady Margaret in 1907.

Photograph by C.N.

An Exiled King and His Bride. Fulwell Park, the future home of King Manoel and Queen Augustine, is a fine place, part of it dating back to 1680. It possesses a very beautiful octagonal vestibule and a particularly finely decorated ballroom. The young couple will be quite well off, and it is probable that they will entertain considerably. King Manoel, as a bachelor, has made many friends. Queen Amélie, his mother, was born at Twickenham, as were his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, and his aunt, the Duchess of Aosta. The little Roman Catholic church at Kingston-on-Thames, erected by a Countess of Mexborough, was the scene of the weddings of the Duchess of Aosta and of the Duchess of Guise. King Manoel has many associations with Twickenham, and the fact of its being so near London and

its many pleasures appeals to the young King. Fulwell Park has its own private golf links apart from the well-known Fulwell Links, and it possesses what both bride and bridegroom will appreciate—tennis-lawns of lovely old turf.



EASTBOURNE'S ROYAL VISITORS: THE KING OF GREECE AND FIVE OF HIS CHILDREN ON BOARD THE OSTEND-DOVER BOAT.

The King and Queen of the Hellenes, with their children, crossed from Ostend to Dover on September 17 on their way to Eastbourne, where they arrived later in the day. From left to right in the above photograph are Prince Paul, Princess Helen, the Duke of Sparta (the Crown Prince), Princess Irene, King Constantine, and Prince Alexander.



SISTER OF THE KAISER: THE QUEEN OF GREECE AMONG HER CHILDREN ON THE OSTEND-DOVER BOAT.

The Queen of Greece, formerly Princess Sophie of Prussia, married the King (then Crown Prince of Greece) at Athens in 1880. She and her children are making a long stay in Eastbourne, the visit being strictly private. From left to right are Princess Irene, Queen Sophie, the Crown Prince, and a nurse with the Queen's youngest child.

Photographs by C.N.

NOTES FROM THE MOORS.

THE Scottish season is drawing to a close. There is still plenty of sport for those who will look for it, but by mid-September the waves of fashion are ebbing fast. Great cities and the life-work of busy men are the magnets that draw visitors from the farthest glens, and as I write the home-bound trains are as well filled as were the outward-bound ones when August began. Many people will stay till the end of this month, and a few will remain for October; but the majority of the sporting domains are let for July, August, and September, some for August and September only, and a few for October as well. The landowner, tempted by high prices to surrender the best of his sport, is eager to return, that he may pick up the crumbs, and it is needless to say that in some places the crumbs are numerous enough to provide a satisfactory meal. Moreover, the landowner can often correct some of the sporting mistakes of his tenants.

For once the prophets have been right: the Scottish season, as far as grouse-shooting is concerned, has been disappointing, and yet shootings are letting very readily for next year. Just as 1912 was exceptionally good, 1913 has been exceptionally bad, and nobody knows what another year may bring forth. There is always the sporting chance of much better things, and when people realise that, if they don't take a place when they get the chance, they may have to go without, the knowledge tends to stimulate prompt action. Prices have not had any noticeable set-back, though they are probably at the top. I have seen a very marked rise in the past ten years, and the tendency is to unite small places and to squeeze out the small men. Whether this is good for sport is a point worth considering. The price of all commodities in towns that supply the outlying lodges has risen unreasonably, and the haughtiness of the shopkeeper is a thing to marvel at. They have only ten weeks in which to earn a winter's keep, and there is no time to be civil.

If the season of 1913 is destined to be memorable for bad sport, it will be no less memorable for fine weather. When it has been found necessary to lay rod and gun aside for a while, there has always been a picnic to fall back upon, and it has been quite interesting to find seasoned sportsmen discovering for the first time the beauty of familiar surroundings. It is true that heather has been well-nigh at its best in the past month or six weeks, but had sport been better, the beauty would have passed unnoticed. Of late, heather has been far more in evidence than birds.

Friends who have been stalking complain of the deterioration of heads. This is hardly surprising. Modern conditions and

modern prices make the stalker anxious to get the best possible value for his money. He wants the best heads on the ground, and you can't blame him. But if, year in and year out, war is waged on the best stags, those that are left when breeding-time comes round will be the second best; and if you want good stock you must have good sires. It is probable that winter-feeding, carried to excess as it is in some parts of the Highlands, helps still further to perpetuate the unfit. The remedy is, of course, the introduction of a new strain, and this has been tried, and I believe successfully, by the tenants or owners of some big forests. It is impossible to expect the man who rents a forest for one season to refrain from taking the best that is to be had. Luckily for the red deer of the Highlands, the season of their tribulation is brief. The velvet is not off the horn before August, and in the last week of September the stags begin to roar and fight for the hinds. In many parts their foes are men who reach the Highlands in bad condition, and are not able to take immediate advantage of their opportunities. Sometimes they make the attempt, but the result may be disastrous.

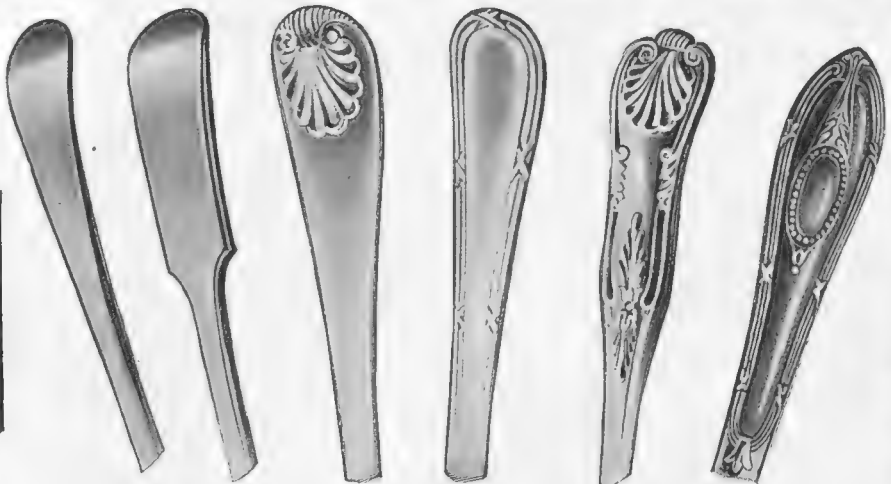
It is no uncommon experience to take up a daily paper and see that at a shooting-lodge in the remote forest country, some tenant up for the holidays has "expired suddenly." Doubtless all death notices of the same kind are not so frank, but the underlying tragedy is often the same. Somebody has gone up to the hills after leading a sedentary life in town and has been tempted by the keen, exhilarating air to climb too far or too fast. Perhaps he has been one of a party and has lacked the moral courage to drop out, even though his companions have been younger and more vigorous. The Highlands are very searching. They look for the weakest spot in a visitor's frame, and all too often find it. If people would only seek their doctor before undertaking, at middle age and over, the tasks of young men; if they would only get into training before they attempt to compete with athletic men, there would be few of the tragedies without which no season seems to be complete. In the old days the people who went out with the gun were those who were physically fit; they might be young, middle-aged, or old, but they were hard as nails. The modern practice of driving birds, using shooting-ponies, eating heavy lunches, and generally making sport artificial has brought into the arena a host of people whose association with shooting is founded upon their financial rather than their physical fitness. Sometimes they get a bad attack of "grouse fever," or "stag fever," and forget the years that have passed since they were in good condition. Unfortunately, Nature makes little or no allowance for enthusiasm. Many a kind host and pleasant companion has paid the fullest penalty because he had not learned to say, *Cedo junioribus*. B.



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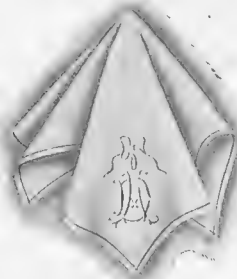
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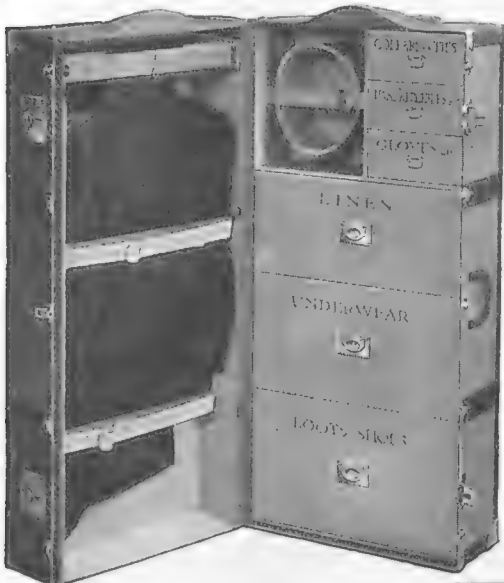
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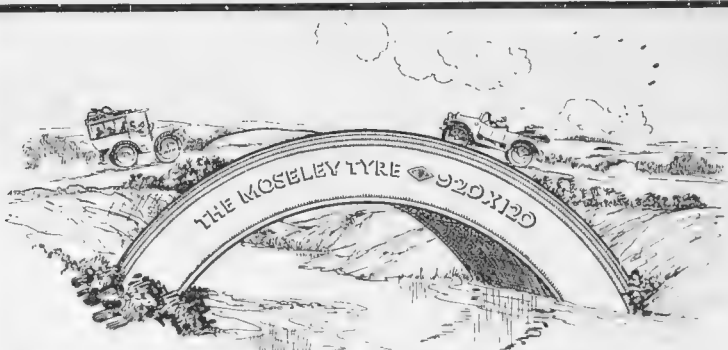
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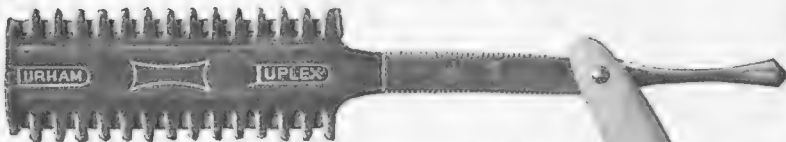
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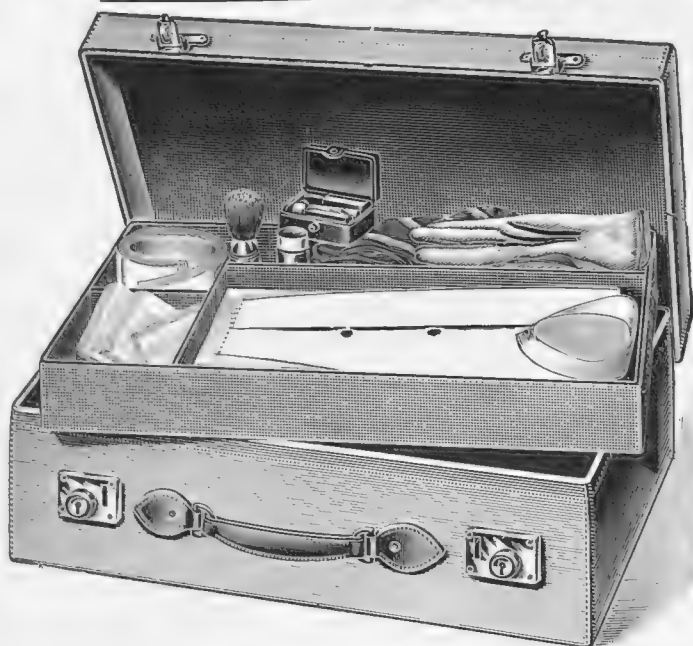
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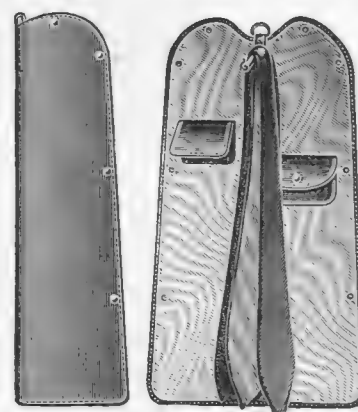
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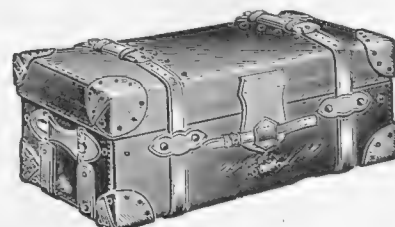
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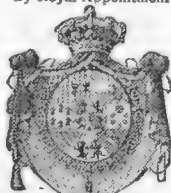
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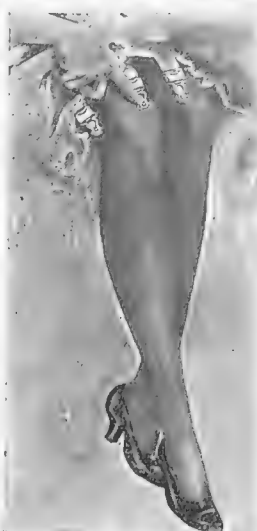
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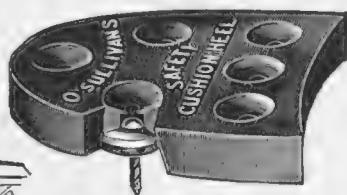
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"INTERLOPERS" is a clever, entertaining play, which ought to draw plenty of people to the Royalty, though it may not prove to be a "Milestones." Mr. Harwood, the author, writes very wittily, and has some idea of character, but his comedy shows inexperience with its heavy colour in some passages, and an excessive subtlety in others, which has caused misunderstanding. Some of the critics have been needlessly hard on the new playwright, making no allowances for mistakes due to inexperience, and giving insufficient praise in respect of meritorious passages. "Interlopers" is worth seeing, if only on account of the amusing scenes in which Mr. Dennis Eadie appears, as the witty, cynical man of the world, which he renders perfectly, and also for the sake of the rather needless passages in the third act, where Miss Elizabeth Risdon presents very cleverly the smart young lady who is going to marry Reginald because he has such nice hair, and she thinks that marriage is going to be "so amusing." In addition, there is a good deal of interesting and thoughtful matter concerning certain fashionable ideas about Eugenics. There were some excellent performances besides those already mentioned: Miss Miriam Lewes exhibits remarkable talent and much charm effectively as a lady with a great deal of "temperament"; Miss Evelyn Weeden presents the too-motherly wife quite ably. There is also skilful acting by Mr. Norman Trevor and Mr. Hubert Harben.

The new Galsworthy drama at the Court is really a tragedy—the tragedy of an illogical, amiable woman who, with quite inadequate resources, defies the world, the flesh, and the devil, is beaten, and has to retire at the end of the fight by means of a dose of poison taken at a naughty restaurant. Poor Clare Dedmond in some aspects may not be quite credible, but it is easy to overlook this and be deeply interested by her struggles for a freedom that would probably have been futile, since there was no real stability in her nature. The last act is intensely thrilling in a quiet way. Some dramatists, some actresses would make it melodrama: the beautiful art of Miss Irene Rooke and Mr. Galsworthy caused it to be true tragedy. I should also mention that Mr. Vincent Clive, as a young gentleman about town, who "accosted" Clare in the restaurant, played his difficult part very skilfully. This act, with its delicate restraint, shows the dramatic work of its author at its highest. It will be long ere some of us forget the picture of the beautiful young woman at bay, shudderingly determined to make the awful plunge into the world of women who sell themselves without the ceremonies

of marriage. There are lighter passages, for the play has its humours. It needs a real artist to create a comic lodging-house landlady who is amusing and does not smell of the theatre: Mr. Galsworthy has accomplished the feat, with the truly able assistance of Mrs. A. B. Tapping. There is some laughter, too, over the dreadfully perplexed father-in-law, cleverly represented by Mr. Nigel Playfair. No doubt there is a weak spot, for the part of Malise, the independent, struggling journalist, is developed too much and too little; and whilst Mr. Milton Rosmer gave us a powerful picture of the man, we were rather puzzled as to some aspects of the character. The husband of Clare, quite a good sort of unsuitable person, was excellently rendered by Mr. Claude King. The real triumph was that of Miss Irene Rooke, the actress whose too frequent absence from the London stage is a source of wonder and regret to the critics, since she is one of our few players who honestly may be called great. I ought to add a word of praise for the able performance of Miss Alma Murray—an actress very dear to the playgoers of my generation.

"Diplomacy" has reached its two hundredth night and is still going strong—a fact which delights the playgoers opposed to the modern theatre, though it shows no more than that there is still a big public for the best specimens of the "well-made" play; but it is only for the best specimens, as was shown by the fate of "Jim the Penman," at the Comedy. There is no doubt about the fact that "Diplomacy" forms a remarkably good entertainment for people who like to see an exciting detective play admirably acted; and, indeed, it is a far better work of art than most of the American dramas with which our theatres are flooded; whilst the acting reaches a very high standard even in the eyes of those who can recollect vividly the famous earlier casts.

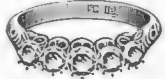
Mr. Hawtrey has found exactly what he wants in "Never Say Die," the new farce on an old theme by Mr. W. H. Post. It is long since he has enjoyed himself or been enjoyed so much. Into the age of the jokes about the old man and his father or the elephant who did his best with the eggs of the poor hen he had killed it would be cruel to inquire; nor is it easy to explain in cold print why we were convulsed by a dialogue between Mr. Hawtrey and his French cook about a cold sauce which was O.T. But convulsed we all were, for somehow Mr. Hawtrey and Mr. Holman Clark and Mr. Daniel McCarthy and Miss Marie George and Miss Winifred Emery had all got into just the right atmosphere of perfectly happy nonsense; and the result was so delightfully merry that probably no new play will be wanted at the Apollo for a long time. [Continued overleaf.]

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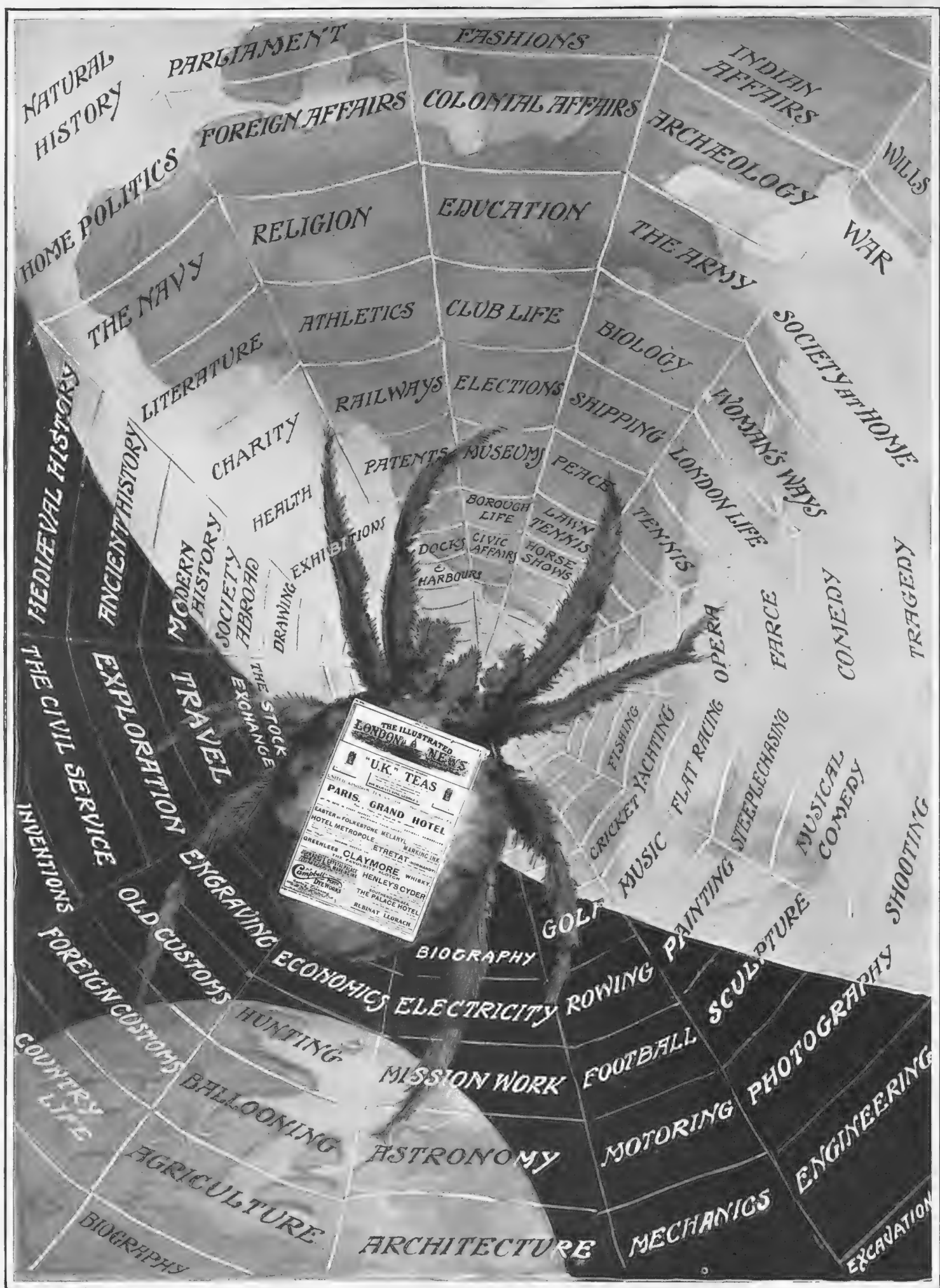
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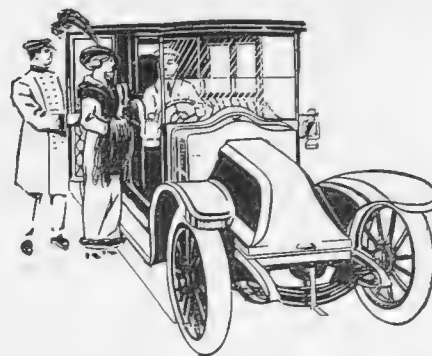


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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Bearers of Well-Known Names; The Lace Spat for Women; Miss Ethel Irving in "Years of Discretion"; Kittv; "Japanned" European Dresses; The Sphinx; Jacques Dalcroze Pupils Engaged in Rhythmic Gymnastics; Costumes from "Sealed Orders"; Miss Auriol Brougham, the future Viscountess Ipswich.

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JEWELLERY



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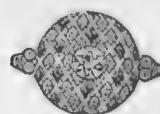
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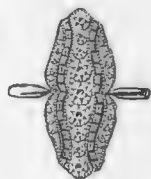
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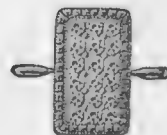
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New Designs in Gem Rings

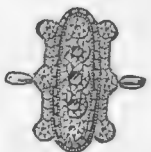
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J 1
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J 11
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J 9
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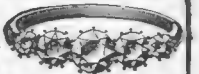
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Continued.]

The critics seem hardly unanimous concerning Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "Mary Goes First," in which Miss Marie Tempest is appearing at the Playhouse. It seems an open question whether it is very funny or merely moderately amusing, so the question will have to be settled by the public. As a matter of duty, I must say that I belong to the "only moderately amusing" party. There is some humour in the satire upon the ambitions of local celebrities, and the characters of some of them are essentially amusing; but the work gives the impression that the author was tired when he wrote it, and unable in any aspect to reach the level of his true ability, so that four acts of a rather small story are too much. The hits at party politics and the way that "honours" are conferred caused a good deal of laughter—and also, perhaps, some painful twinges—in the stalls. Miss Marie Tempest acts brightly as Mary, the energetic little *bourgeoise* who wears staggering gowns, gets a baronetcy



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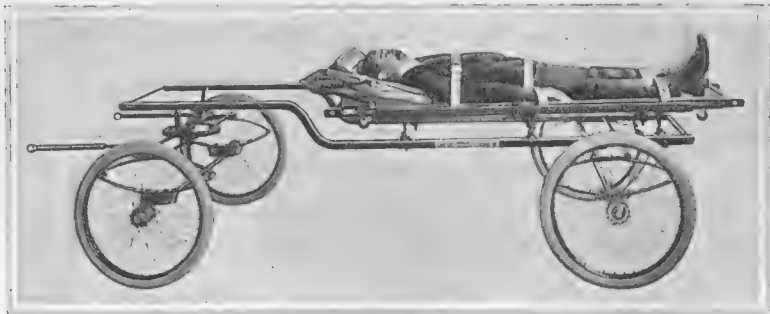
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for her husband, and "downs" her enemies. Miss Hamley Clifford gives a very able picture of her rival. Messrs. C. V. France, Kenyon Musgrave, and George Shelton acted quite cleverly.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Swashbuckler."
By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.
(Mills and Boon.)

"I was a child and she was a child in that kingdom by the sea," wrote Poe of himself and Annabel Lee, but there is another kingdom in which we are all ready to be, not children, but lovers, and its name is Ruritania. Kilistria it is called, in the Swashbuckler's tongue, but it is Ruritania nevertheless. The game of politics, it would seem, is worth



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playing in Kilistria. "Consider, if you please, that she sits among the Great Powers, like a lovely maiden at a ball, not knowing upon which of her would-be partners to bestow her hand, even for one dance, without offending all her other suitors. It is a fine sport"—and Prince Boris, its ruler, and the Swashbuckler ("confidential adviser to my cousin Boris") are good sportsmen. Boris's love-affairs, being complicated with state business, sent the Swashbuckler off to a neighbouring Court. There he found an unexpected thickening of the plot; for he who went masquerading as a plain commoner of a private secretary was himself duped by a masquerade. But, fortunately for Swashbucklers, their honour is so carefully preserved a plant, the white flower in the buttonhole of a very gallant rig, that it emerged perfect and unspotted from a delicate encounter of wit. He tells his own amazing adventures and feats of skill or strength with an airy grace, as if the whole thing were nothing at all which is most ingratiating. The most perfect Duchess of the most romantic Duchy of Europe is scarcely good enough for him. But being in love, in the true Swashbuckler way,

(Continued overleaf.)

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Continued.]

he naturally thought otherwise, and trembled before her, even while he supposed her an obscure typist without a "von" to her name. As long as children like fairy-tales, they will grow up to like romance, and Mrs. Baillie Reynolds presents her readers with a charming specimen of the real thing, villain included. They talk most up-to-date slang, but the duels and the amours belong to the Gothic battlemented castle of the Duchy of Marvilion. The Swash-buckler is followed by "The Big Fool's Wooing" and several shorter tales. The Big Fool was the last of a great Italian family, and he flourished at a time when Italy grew romance as naturally as grapes or olives. And the people who lived at the other palace over the river were equally picturesque, so a pretty drama ensues, with the happy ending which romance demands. Mrs. Reynolds has an attractive way of plunging into the heart of her period or place with one sentence. "The sickly heat of the August afternoon was comparatively unfelt in the long gallery in the Louvre, known as the Salle de la Suite, with its six tall windows looking north. Gilberte had a special reason for coming hither upon that Saturday, the 23rd of August, 1572." In so simple a way does Mrs. Reynolds weave the magic carpet which shall bear one to Paris and the Huguenots, or to some old palazzo of Italian legend, that we miss the stimulus of travel in those few stories which need no such enchanted journey.

"The Two Kisses."

By OLIVER ONIONS.

(Methuen.)

How significant are the feet of Mr. Onions upon the studio steps! Not the studios of St. John's Wood, embowered in snug gardens; or clinging to the historical spots of Hampstead. Oddly enough, idealism seems to funk these purer heights; it prefers the soil of that slacker region about Chelsea, where its temples are as numerous as the shanties with top-lights that lie dotted between King's Road and the river. Mr. Onions' heroine inhabits one of these over a fruit-shop on the Embankment. She is the centre of a group of young students, fledglings of a famous art-school, trying their wings. She has beauty, she has talent, but she suffers—it is plainly seen that Mr. Onions considers that the word—from too much soul. She stands for the last word of feminism, and Mr. Onions considers—this also is plain—that she has precious little to stand upon. Neither rock nor sand, but paper, so their saturnine art-master declared, supported the fabric. "Lord, the books they get hold of! Weeks and months together I've heard 'em: Myers says this, and Galton says that, and Tolstoi says the other; and they make up a sort of

world out of that and think it's the real one. . . . Oh, it's all in the old Greek tag: 'A great book is a great evil.' "The clear-eyed Weininger, the ruthless Strindberg, the hypochondriac Schopenhauer" Ruskin and John Stuart Mill, these were the Virgils selected to guide Miss Amory Towers through her earthly comedy. They were guides with sharp limitations. Glenerne, for example, the cheap boarding-house of Shepherd's Bush, which Mr. Onions gives us with something of the immortal touch belonging to that pension *bourgeoise des deux sexes et autres* kept by Mme. Vauquer, was outside their range. Amory liked people to be one thing or the other, and she abhorred Glenerne. Some of her happiest efforts had been born pictorially in the flare of naphtha-lights or the hurtling of cocoa-nut shies. "But those dreadful middle grades! Those terrible estate-agents and booking-clerks and bank-cashiers and brewers' travellers of whom the world seemed so full!" From these she would seek her *ami du cœur*, Cosimo Pratt, and hold forth to him, admiring, on Environment or Heredity, or any other fine theoretical subject. Cosimo Pratt, besides being an attractive youth, is the touchstone for the old femininity of the new feminist. When a young man came into the question there was not a pin to choose between Amory and Dorothy—Dorothy, who had left the schools to draw fashion-plates, who was well on the road to becoming a female Good Girl Seldom, who stands for the old order! Men might manage women in the lump and welcome, so long as they found themselves balked in detail, and any one woman could turn any one man round her finger, said Dorothy. "I like being a man's plaything—there! I don't mind one little bit being a chattel—there! And I think it would be perfectly ripping being property, as long as you belonged to the right person! And I do believe in one law for the man and another for the woman. They are different—they are, Amory! They're—they're ever so different! And I'm glad! . . ." These are the two types wittily expressed in Mr. Onions' latest book, and described as inheriting tradition so strong that, given the male, there was not a pin to choose between them! But there is—a whole row; for though one may deplore her theories, vanity, and art, though, in the Professor's contemptuous phrase, both girls might use the same old lime or the same old twig for the same old bird, yet Amory, at her worst, breathes a nobility which Dorothy's cleverness can never attain. For that Mr. Onions should be thanked by all feminists, the more so that he surely is not of their number; one feels his sympathy throbbing out to the Professor (a confirmed bachelor, [Continued overleaf.]



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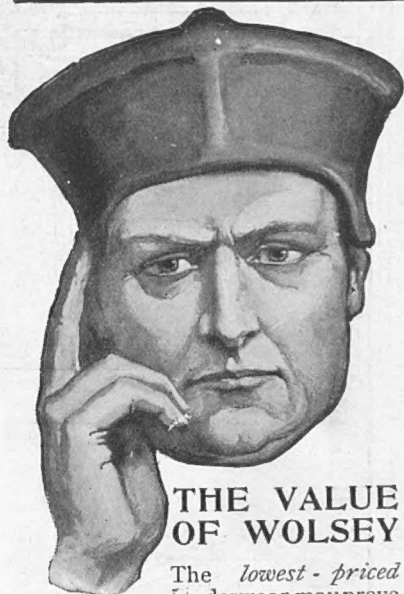
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(Continued.)

by the way!), who longed to ask his cultured art-students if they could make a baby's shirt and contrive to get a baby inside it, but compromised on saying, "omelette" very slowly and distinctly, "looking hard at 'em."

"The Old Time Before Them."

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
(John Murray.)

This volume will no doubt have its place on the shelf with "The Secret Woman" and "The Thief of Virtue." But it will be neither read nor remembered as those fine epics of rural life. The limitations of its form are against much of Mr. Phillpotts' charm. No one can make rustics talk better, but no one is a more accomplished artist over their background. Consequently these Devonshire yarns, given by old frequenters of a village pub., are delightfully flavoured with the "dinkys" and "suentys" of local flavour, they are brilliant with the witty anecdotes and reflections that Mr. Phillpotts or Mr. Hardy has accustomed us to from his peasants; but though one gives full credit to that class for humour, it is difficult to hear them speaking of the "hard rustle of the yellow dragons making love in air," or, during a pageful of descriptive phrasing, give them credit for "blue shadows at the turn" of a green path where "fox-gloves shook out rows on rows of purple bells above the brake fern." That is not in the frame of the nightly gathering at the village pub. Pleasant as Mr. Phillpotts must be in the merest sketch of his own country, this volume is but a breathing exercise between mightier efforts.

"The Regent."

BY ARNOLD BENNETT.
(Methuen.)

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beginning to get a little bored and stodgy in his prosperity, when his pet-dog bit his baby. A flea-bite, so to speak, but an anxious mother sent him out for a doctor. He went forth and—bought the option for the site. Mr. Bennett was never more ingenious; Rose Euclid, the faded "Star" who required nothing in this Vale but oysters and admiration, her greatest dramatist, her manager, and, above all, her seductive young lady friend are the best fun possible. It is the best fun, too, to see them put in their places by provincial finance and finesse, to see the Card in turn put in his place as the fairy godfather of their impracticable schemes, and finally witness his stroke of genius, his rush across the Atlantic which saved the situation and covered him with glory. Business methods are ugly and contemptible enough, but in the mirror of our novelists, in the Cards and the Good Boy Seldoms they are pure delight.

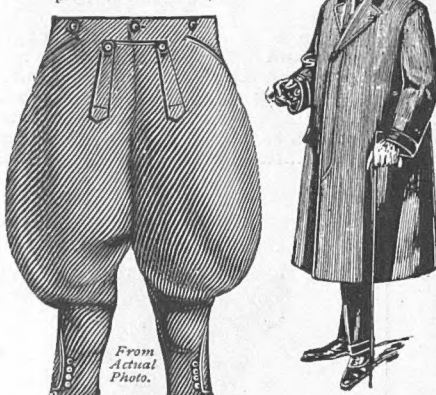
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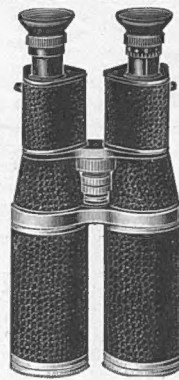
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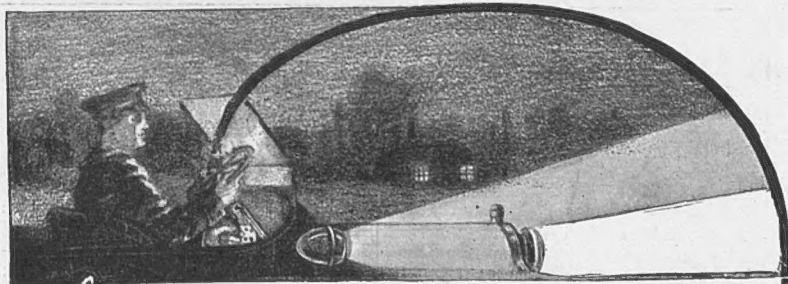
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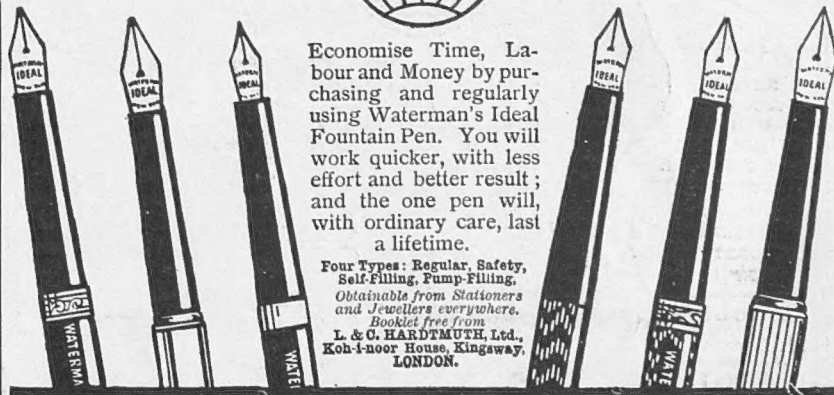
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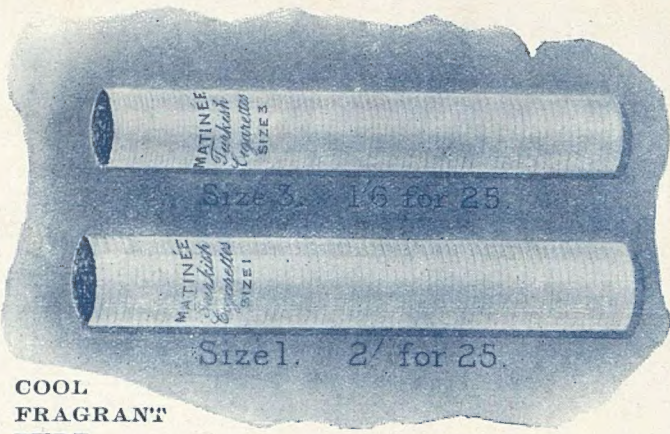
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